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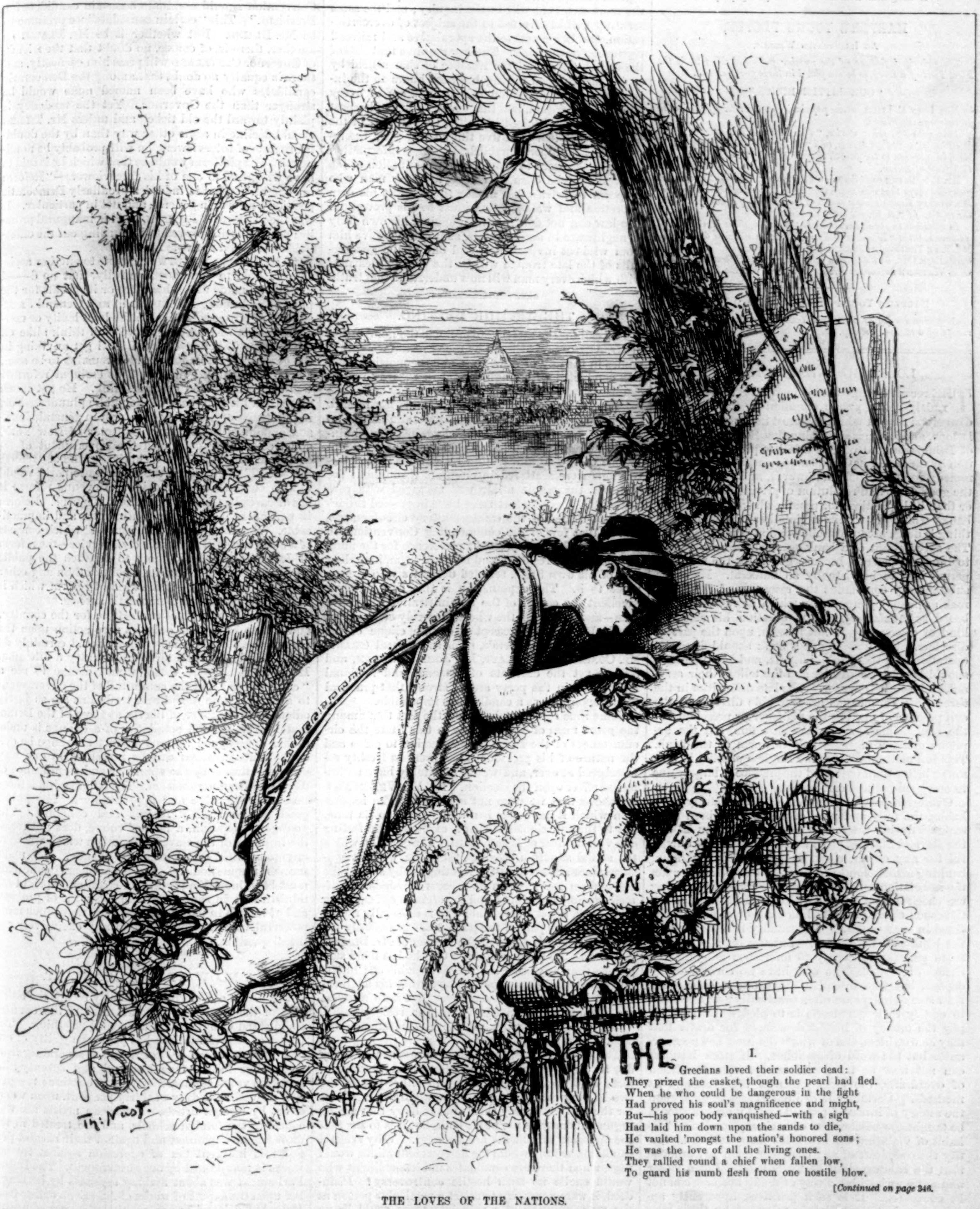

I.

THE Grecians loved their soldier dead:
They prized the casket, though the pearl had fled.
When he who could be dangerous in the fight
Had proved his soul's magnificence and might,
But—his poor body vanquished—with a sigh
Had laid him down upon the sands to die,
He vaulted 'mongst the nation's honored sons;
He was the love of all the living ones.
They rallied round a chief when fallen low,
To guard his numb flesh from one hostile blow.

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THE LOVES OF THE NATIONS.
DECORATION-DAY POEM BY WILL CARLETON.

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SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The principal feature of the number published May 27 is the First Part of a story, to be completed in three parts, entitled

"OUR LITTLE DUNCE,"

by MRS. LUCY C. LILLIE, *whose popularity as a writer of stories for girls is well established.*

This, with two other stories, "The Pleasure-Trip of the 'Polly Watkins,'" by SOPHIE SWETT, *and "A Terrible Sentinel," by* DAVID KER, *in addition to the fourth chapter of "Left Behind," makes a rich feast of fiction.*

MR. F. S. DRAKE *contributes an article on "Rogers's Rangers," a guerrilla corps that won much renown in the old colonial days, and* MR. GUSTAV KOBBÉ *gives a sketch of an interesting quadruped under the caption of "A Very Fortunate Mule."*

In addition to the illustrations to the stories, there is a full-page picture entitled "Washing Dolly's Clothes," a striking drawing by MR. T. DE THULSTRUP, *illustrating "Rogers's Rangers," and a series by* PALMER COX, *in that artist's favorite vein, to accompany* MRS. G. F. WATSON'S *humorous verses, "The Frog and the Turtle."*

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LOOSE BUSINESS METHODS.

THE recent financial crisis in Wall Street has very rudely called public attention to the loose and dangerous way in which the most important business is done, and it is not surprising that Senator CULLOM, of Illinois, has introduced a bill to prohibit speculation by officers of national banking associations. The remedy for the mischief, however, must be found in the good sense and resolution of private citizens rather than in legislation, for practices have grown up in banks which are in direct violation of law, but nothing is done, because public opinion condones them. The speculations of a bank president are dangerous to innocent persons, because generally the directors permit him to be virtually an autocrat. He alone substantially commands the resources of the bank, making loans upon security which he reports to the board as satisfactory, and to question his acts is a kind of discourtesy, if not treason, upon the part of directors. The directors of a bank should direct its operations, as their title imports, and the manager should be, like the cashier and the tellers, their servant, and not their master. The late difficulties in the three New York banks are traceable directly to the evil practice of making the manager or president not the responsible agent of the direction, but the supreme dictator of the whole business of the bank. This is a matter in which the English practice is very much better than ours, and the practice is largely due to our good-natured carelessness.

Overcertification is another of these fatally loose habits, the folly and peril of which have been fully exposed during the recent troubles. Section 5208 of the Revised Statutes provides that "it shall be unlawful for any officer, clerk, or agent of any national banking association to certify any check drawn upon the association unless the person or company drawing the check has on deposit with the association at the time such check is certified an amount of money specified in such check." The penalty is a receiver for the bank and its closure. But the practice has become general to certify to enormous amounts the checks of stock-brokers who have no corresponding deposit, but who intend to have one a little later. Now stock-brokers are often practically gamblers, and to certify their overdrafts is to pledge the bank to pay the money of honest depositors for drafts that may be worthless, and of which the bank has no guarantee but the word of gamblers. If stock business can not now be transacted except upon condition of overdrafts, the stock business must change its methods. Certainly it can not expect to prey upon the money of innocent persons; or if it does, it should be taught the baselessness of such expectations. The habit of violating the law leads many tellers to certify the overdraft of any customer upon his promise that the balance shall be made good. But a looser and more unjustifiable way of doing business can not be conceived. It is such practices, apparently approved and at least plainly tolerated by those who have large interests at stake, which produce the feeling so common in Europe, that property is not adequately protected in the United States. In a new country, indeed, with great resources to be developed by great enterprise, great risks must be taken. That is undoubtedly true; but those who are interested in the prospective profits must take the risk. It is not a principle upon which the stock gambler must expect to be justified in seizing the money of innocent and unconsenting persons. That proceeding is simply robbery, and the banks have no moral, as they have no legal, right to connive at it.

The remedy lies, as we have said, not in legislation, but in individual action and a better public opinion. After the recent disturbance every man who proposes to open an account with a bank will probably take much more care than before to ascertain whether the president is in complete and virtually irresponsible control of the bank, and whether he is engaged in "great enterprises." The richer he is reputed to be, the more stringent will be the inquiry; and the same scrutiny will be directed to the subject of overcertification, and in general to the speculative and railroad reputation of the bank. The law requires that lists of the shareholders and the number of shares held by each shall be open during business hours to the inspection of all shareholders and creditors of every banking association, and that every bank shall report its resources and liabilities to the Comptroller of the Currency not less than five times every year, the reports to be properly published. Any information which is necessary to show the actual situation of the bank should be open, of course, to every man who proposes to intrust his money to it. But his own discretion and watchfulness must be his protection. The law can not defend a man against his own folly or negligence in such matters, as it can not save him from wild-cat investments; and one of the good results of the late trouble will be the greater clearness with which every man will now understand that truth.

THE ARTHUR MEETING.

THE call for the meeting to promote the nomination of Mr. ARTHUR was signed by many of the weightiest names in the city of New York, and the meeting itself was conducted with singular tact in regard to other candidates. The substance of the speeches and of the resolutions was contained in Mr. BRISTOW'S remark that it is always wise to let well alone, and that as no serious complaint could be urged against the administration, there should be no change. The commendations of the administration by various State Conventions were scattered in circulars throughout the hall, and the whole affair was managed with care and skill. Yet one fact must have impressed the intelligent reader of the commendatory circulars, and that is that few of the commending Conventions in Republican States expressed a preference for the nomination of the President, and many of them, including that of his own State, selected delegates who are opposed to it. The explanation is this, that however excellent the course of the administration may have been—and it is, upon the whole, sincerely commended by all Republicans, except a certain clique of the President's former friends, such as General GRANT, Mr. CONKLING, Mr. PLATT, Mr. JOHN F. SMYTH, and others—yet the currents of personal and factional feeling within the party are so strong that practical union upon him as a candidate is impossible.

Some time ago we pointed out the fact that among the great mass of Republicans in this State the circumstances of the President's accession to office and the nature of his previous career were as freshly remembered as ever, and would inevitably have an immense effect upon the election. Mr. MACVEAGH'S letter shows that we were not mistaken. The impression which it has made is not due alone to its tone, but to the consciousness that it expresses the feeling of a vast number of Republicans. The question which the actual situation presents, therefore, was not considered nor answered at the meeting—why should the Republican party, when its success demands the utmost possible unanimity and the certainty of carrying New York, select a candidate who is especially repugnant to a large part of the party? It is precisely the question which is asked of the friends of Mr. BLAINE. In his case the answer is given that he has more supporters than any other individual Republican; in Mr. ARTHUR'S case the answer is offered that his administration has been most excellent. But both answers are obviously unsatisfactory to the real question, What candidate, under all the circumstances, will command the largest vote?

The demonstrations and the expressions of every day as the Convention approaches make it more and more evident that the selection of either one of the two leading candidates would be highly inexpedient for the party. To say this is not to deny that strong arguments may be urged for both, but it is to say that the opposing arguments are stronger. Why select a candidate around whom the fiercest contentions would rage, when there are candidates not less eminent who would excite no such hostile controversy? If, indeed, it were necessary to select a particular person as the representative of a principle, there could be no question. Whatever the result might be, he should be nominated, and all good men should stand by him. But this is a different situation. Here is a cause of which several representatives are suggested, and if they are all personally beyond suspicion—which is, of course, an indispensable condition—that one who is freest from actual hostility, or from reasons of hostility, must be selected, if Republican victory is to be assured.

THE DEMOCRATIC PROSPECT.

THE Republican preliminary canvass has been so ardent that attention has been somewhat diverted from the Democratic campaign for the nomination. There has been nothing added to the speculations upon that subject except a remark in an Albany letter to the *Tribune*, that "it is an open secret here that the friends of Governor CLEVELAND intend to press him for the nomination in case the Republican National Convention should nominate a certain candidate for President." This "certain candidate" we presume to be Mr. BLAINE. But whether it be Mr. BLAINE or another, there is, of course, no doubt that the friends of Governor CLEVELAND will press him earnestly, and there is equally no doubt that among the Democratic candidates who have been named none would be stronger than the Governor. Yet the tendency is plainly toward the old ticket, and unless Mr. TILDEN should decline in some other way than by the doubtful reports of interviewers, he will probably be nominated. His platform would be that which he is said to have whispered to one of his interviewers—"Reform in general." That is, indeed, a peculiarly Democratic position—reform in general, and not in particular. It was the platform of JACKSON, and his inaugural promise; and "reform" proved to be, turning out the office-holders who did not vote for him.

As Mr. SAMUEL SWARTWOUT wrote to another aspirant: "I hold to your doctrine fully, that no d——d rascal who made use of his office or its profits for the purpose of keeping Mr. ADAMS in and General JACKSON out of power is entitled to the least lenity or mercy, save that of hanging; so we both think alike on that head. Whether or not I shall get anything in the general scramble for plunder, remains to be seen, but I rather think I shall." This eminent reformer was correct. He did get something. He got much more than his fair share of the public plunder. For, in pursuance of his policy of reform in general, JACKSON appointed SWARTWOUT Collector of New York, and SWARTWOUT defrauded the government of an enormous sum of money. This is the kind of "reform in general" upon which the Democratic party would like to conduct the campaign. Revenue reform it has discarded. Civil service reform it spurns. Reform in particular it brands as sentimental and impracticable. But that "reform in general" which consists of a clean sweep of the whole civil service—the reform of JACKSON, which did more to debauch the public service and corrupt American politics than any other event in our history—is the kind of reform which is to be anticipated from Democratic success.

This would be a great misfortune for the country, and it is to be averted only by wise action upon the part of the Republicans. They should certainly do something better than offer the country a dilemma. Much as intelligent voters would dislike to see a "clean sweep," and the committal of the government to a party whose record and traditions are so justly odious to every lover of liberty as those of the Democratic party, yet the possibility of a change is undeniable unless good reasons against a change be evident. Those reasons can be presented in one way only, and that is by the character and significance of the Republican nomination. The public mind is more than ever sensitive and apprehensive. The public good-nature readily forgets and condones. The younger generation, a host of voters, does not recall the infamies of the slavery despotism which was synonymous with Democratic ascendency. To make success unquestionable, the Republican candidate must be in himself a promise of clean and upright administration, in sympathy with the spirit of progress and of reform in particular, which is now much more powerful with the country than any exclusively political question.

A BLOW AT AMERICAN ART.

THE action of Congress constantly recalls the biting gibe of the foreigner who said that if the country could stand Congress it could stand anything. The House of Representatives has just been guilty of one of those acts which are peculiarly exasperating from their utter folly. One hundred and seventy-nine members voted against fifty-two to continue the present unjustifiable duty of thirty per cent. upon works of art by foreign artists. American artists are welcomed to the foreign schools, and are treated in the most friendly manner, and against their earnest protest this indecent tax of exclusion against foreign works is maintained by our government. The Italian Parliament was about making reprisals by levying a tax upon the export of works of American artists from Italy, but delayed action upon the strong assurance of our leading artists in Italy that our shameful law would be doubtless modified upon their representation that they did not desire so humiliating a protection.

Instead of abolishing this unfriendly tax, the Ways and Means Committee reported a bill levying a duty of ten per cent. upon all works of art, whether by foreign or native artists. Such a proposition was grotesquely absurd. American art was already disabled by the thirty per cent. duty against foreign works; it should now be further oppressed by a ten per cent. duty against native works also. A distinguished American now in Rome writes us: "They [the American artists in Italy] are generally good fellows, as you know, and lovers of their country, and why that cherishing mother should turn her back on them in this way I can not fancy. It is true they have (being men of manly spirit, they could hardly do otherwise) protested against the present marked discrimination in their favor against foreign artists, but to repay this generosity by making their own works contraband is quite too much. To say that an American artist in Rome ought to pay ten per cent. for the privilege of competing with his brethren in New York or Boston, would seem to be to announce an entirely indefensible proposition, to say the least. I know at least two American artists in Rome to-day, both of whom, when students here, left for home when the war for the Union opened, and fought in the ranks. One lost an arm; the other was shot almost fatally through the neck. They returned here to study and paint, and to go home again when they can afford it; and now the aforesaid grateful and cherishing mother proposes to lay ten per cent. duty on their pictures, all, I suppose, for the benefit of the whiskey-makers."

Mr. Belmont, however, and Mr. Dorsheimer, Mr. Cox, and Mr. Slocum, with other intelligent Democrats, thinking this proposition to be the only one attainable, and at least that it removed the shameful discrimination against the foreign artists, voted with Mr. Hiscock, Mr. Kasson, and other Republicans for the change. Even this moderate measure, however, was overwhelmingly defeated, and the heavy tax upon art education in the country was maintained. The Italian government will now, of course, lay the duty upon the export of the works of our own artists, and the French artists propose that American works shall be excluded from the Paris exhibition. The whole proceeding in Congress is an illustration of the pressing necessity of reasonable tariff revision and revenue reform, which will not be lost upon the country.

WHO AND WHY.

A Kansas paper, alluding to the circular of the Independent Republicans of New York, asks who they are and why they should undertake to dictate the nomination, and concludes by declaring the circular to be unworthy of attention. The answer to this explosion is that the circular is issued by a committee of Republican voters of New York, who represent many thousands of such voters, whose refusal to vote for the Republican candidate in 1882 was thought at the time to be worthy of very serious attention.

The circular is not at all dictatorial. It states what is perfectly well known in New York, however little it may be known in Kansas, that only Republican candidates of a certain character can carry New York in the election of this year, and the opinion of those who issue the circular is, to say the least, quite as weighty as that of any other body of Republican voters in the State or out of the State. The Kansas critic should remember that Mr. Folger, the defeated candidate in 1882, was personally absolutely unexceptionable and popular, and that he had been elected Judge of the Court of Appeals by an immense majority only a year or two before. But the frauds practiced to secure his nomination, and the general disgust with "dirty" politics, produced the tremendous protest of that adverse majority of nearly two hundred thousand.

The circular in question describes truly and forcibly the political situation in New York; states the inflexible opposition to certain kinds of candidates upon the part of Republicans who have more than once shown their ability to vote against such candidates or to abstain from voting, and in the most respectful manner expresses the opinion that such facts should be carefully heeded. Does the Kansas objector really think that it would have been a truer service to the party to announce that the Republicans of New York, and all voters who under any circumstances would support a Republican candidate, are ready unitedly to vote for anybody who may be nominated at Chicago? If he does, we reply that here in New York there is a different opinion, for the reason that any such announcement would be untrue.

MISPLACED ECONOMY.

In the late debate in the Senate upon the Indian Bill, Senators Dawes, Hawley, and others strongly advocated the grant for education asked by Secretary Teller. Their view is in general that the Indians should cease to be a special class, and become merged in the general population, and that pending the accomplishment of this result, and the necessary legislation and movement of public opinion, the Indian children should be educated. There are now forty-five thousand such children, and, as Secretary Teller points out, nothing can be more foolish than to allow them to grow up in ignorance, idleness, and pauperism. He says, in his annual report:

> "Accommodation should be provided for at least 10,000 in addition to those now in manual-labor schools, which would secure to about one-half the children of school age the advantages of at least a partial education, whilst under present appropriations only about one-fourth have any school advantages at all, three-fourths growing up in ignorance and vice. If it is wise to educate one-fourth, it is difficult to see why it is not wise to educate *all.*"

Those who say that they can not be educated must be referred to the Indian schools already in operation, at Hampton in Virginia, Carlisle in Pennsylvania, at Forest Grove, Oregon, Albuquerque, New Mexico, at Lawrence, Kansas, at Chillocco, at Genoa, besides numerous other institutions established and supported by the various religious bodies. Those who assert that the department can not manage the matter must show that it is not now doing all that the funds granted by Congress will permit. The Secretary, upon a clear and full explanation of every item and of its necessity, asked for an Indian appropriation of a little less than $8,500,000; the committee of the House cut it down arbitrarily by about $3,200,000. The Senate increased the amount by about $835,000, making a total of $930,000 over the bill of last year, and of this sum $1,166,000 is designed for education, an increase of $400,000 for this purpose. Senators Plumb and Ingalls, of Kansas, have distinguished themselves by opposition to the bill, and it has been referred to a rather unfriendly conference committee. Those who desire to see the Indian problem properly settled by merging the Indians in the population, must look for the chief obstructions in Congress rather than among the Indians.

It is pleasant to observe that General Sherman's view of the Indian is not that of many other eminent soldiers. The favorable opinions of General Crook and General Miles are well known, as well as those of General Grant; and General Hawley, in his speech during the debate, gave this interesting reminiscence:

> "The first time I saw the great General Thomas I spent an evening with him in town here, in company with others, and he was led to talk upon the Indian question. He spent some two hours in discussing it. All that he said was in precisely the line of talk of Jackson and Grant. It was filled with generous sentiments, and belief in the possibility of the Indians being saved from that final extermination prophesied by so many. He said, among other things, that the prime essential in dealing with those people was to tell the truth, to tell the truth always, and to keep a promise, because to the white man when you failed to keep a promise you could give an apology that might be understood, but the Indian never understood if you did not keep your agreement. He spoke even of friendships he had had among the leading veterans of the Indians, and in general recommended the policy which I here, and which we here, most of us, are advocating."

A SHAKESPEAREAN CONCERT.

While we have been enjoying delightful music in New York, London has not been utterly bereft of that delight; and among the pleasantest and most attractive concerts must have been that of the second annual musical entertainment of the "New Shakspere Society." This took place at the society's ninety-seventh meeting, on the 9th of May, and consisted of a selection of "Shakspere madrigals, glees, and songs."

The music was divided into classes: first period, early contrapuntal; second period, late contrapuntal; third period, early harmonic; and fourth period, late harmonic. The names of the composers are most suggestive of the old English music: Weelkes, Thomas Morley, Robert Johnson, Banister, Dr. Arne, with later good names, Horn, Sir H. Bishop, Hatton, Calcott, Sullivan, and Schubert, for the incomparable "Hark! hark! the lark!"

The "first lines" recall the beautiful songs scattered through the plays—"Full fathoms five," "Come unto these yellow sands," "Where the bee sucks," "Blow, blow, thou winter wind," "When daisies pied," "Under the greenwood tree," "Tell me where is fancy bred," "I know a bank," "Hark! hark! the lark!" in Dr. Cooke's quartette, as well as Schubert's solo, "Should he upbraid," "As it fell upon a day," "How sweet the moonlight." There were several "duplicates" besides the "Hark! hark!" and altogether the concert, if the voices were not wholly inadequate, must have been very charming. And what more delightful musical evening could Mr. Aiken and Miss Beebe, with the English glee club, offer for the next season in New York than a Shakespeare concert like this!

PERSONAL.

Views of a young lady on a social topic: "We had a little party at our house, and when some of the gentlemen were leaving they asked for matches to light their cigars with. We gave them some blackened ones that had already been lighted, and it was great fun to hear the scratching outside, and the remarks that were caused by the failures to strike a light."

—When the Princeton Glee Club was in Richmond, Virginia, one of its members sang a darky song so well as to bring down the house. This testimony to his mastery of the darky dialect was very gratifying to him and to his friends, because it was probably as competent testimony as any extant. The old darky brogue seems gradually dying out in the South. The negroes talk more like white men, and they are now singing new songs, in which their relations to their new mining and manufacturing "bosses" are faithfully described for the use of the future historian.

—Mrs. Langtry was sued by a member of her company for back salary. He testified that on one occasion Mrs. Langtry said to him, "I have been spoiled all my life, and am used to having everything my own way."

—General W. W. Loring, pasha, has a cane the large ivory head of which was brought from the Soudan by Miss Mildred Lee, daughter of General Robert E. Lee, and presented by her to General Loring. The head is richly carved in Egyptian style, and the cane itself was cut from a piece of malacca brought from Singapore by another friend of the pasha's, also as a present to him.

—Mr. Laurence Hutton is the special friend of all boys and girls, wherefore Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich once called him "everybody's uncle." Not many months ago he learned that a boy, the son of one of his friends in the Authors' Club, was the owner of an autograph book, and was too modest to ask for autographs. Mr. Hutton straightway asked for the book, took it to his house, where nearly every person distinguished in art or letters is sooner or later a visitor, and for three months made it his practice to exact an autograph from each of his guests.

—Mr. Russell Sage, whose name has appeared so prominently of late in connection with the excitement in Wall Street, is reputed to be worth thirty millions, fifteen millions of which he keeps available for immediate use. He looks like a farmer. No one who did not know him would take him for anything else.

—What is a crofter, and what is a cottar? asks the Marquis of Lorne. A crofter, he answers, is a man having any small holding of land, and paying, in proportion to its size, from $5 to $150 of rent. A cottar is a man who as a rule has no land, and inhabits a hovel built by himself, paying perhaps five or ten shillings to the crofter for the use of a "rig" or two of potatoes. A man paying above $150 is usually denominated a farmer. "My wish is to impress the hope that some short act may be passed during this session of the House of Commons providing that when any man, or his fathers, can be proved to have been, say, twenty years in the Scottish Highlands as cottar or crofter, he shall not be removed against his will without some payment."

—"There are many more eloquent speakers than Prince Bismarck," observes an English journalist, "but none weightier or more full of matter. He always goes to the root of things. His policy may be as wrong as you please, but it is deep, comprehensive, consistent. His policy is to suppress political agitation on the one hand, and to satisfy material needs on the other. There can be no doubt of the sincerity of his gigantic efforts to grapple with misery and destitution."

—In one of the reception-rooms at Vassar College there hangs an excellent reproduction of Millet's famous picture "The Angelus"—two peasants stopping their work in a potato field to say an *Ave Maria* at the sound of the distant angelus. A teacher of the institution surprised one of the Irish servants looking earnestly at this work of art.

"Pretty picture, Patrick," she said.

"Yes, mum," quoth Pat; "but what's the matter with the potay-ties?"

—Servant-girls, writes a lady, are a continual study. Here is the cheerful, sweet-natured little maid, who don't care for wages, but wants to get into the country, where she can see a real tree. Here is the poor foolish little creature, heavy-footed, heavy-handed, through a long inherited warfare with the class just above her, that has reduced her to the rank just above an intelligent animal. Here is the evil-tempered girl, tamed into silent astonishment by the reception of kind words and kind treatment. And here, very, very seldom comes the hopeless case that drifts, as it were, for the moment into the light of a quiet, refined home, to disappear into the blackness, and be no more seen.

—Mr. Shackleton is a member of the Young Ireland Society of Dublin, and a town councillor. When the Queen's son died he moved a vote of condolence to her Majesty, for which he was severely censured. When he attempted to explain his course by remarking at a public meeting that certain courtesies were due to the Queen, he was met by cries of "Humbug!"

—Mr. Henry Irving is an admirable manager. Everybody admits that; and nowhere has his fine tact been better shown than in the two prefaces to his new book, *Impressions of America*, where he tells the English public that nothing has impressed him more than the fondness of Americans for the old country; and assures the American public that before leaving London he ventured a prophecy "that in going to America we were going among friends. That prophecy has been fulfilled."

—The Bishop of Liverpool, Dr. Ryle, thinks that there is much that is rotten in the system of decorating churches, in useless ceremonies, and in the reckless expense with which flowers are used at high festivals, and he wants to know what money is being spent for missions, and what work of the Holy Ghost is going on. He fears that where the services are all sung, and so much money is spent on the organ and choir, the people do not follow their prayer-books, nor take part in the worship.

—Professor Strauss, of Germany, dedicated his *Lectures on Voltaire* to the late Princess Alice. He sent her the proof-sheets of the work, and received in reply the following note: "Dear Herr Professor,—I return you your *Voltaire*, with many thanks. My husband read through the fifth chapter of it yesterday; he does not think that its contents are such as to justify my refusing the dedication. The value which I place on the dedication of your book will always be far greater than any little unpleasantness which might possibly arise from my accepting it.—Alice."

—The late Mr. Sam Ward, who died in Pegli, Italy, May 19, in his seventy-first year, represented a social type which was possible in no other country than the United States, and in no other century than this. Like the Chevalier Wikoff, he was personally acquainted with a long line of illustrious Europeans, but, unlike the Chevalier, he made and lost several millions of dollars. Like many another, he was a successful lobbyist, but, unlike any other, he had translated the *Mécanique Céleste* of Laplace. He was an Argonaut of '49, a California merchant, a chief among the Piute Indians, a New York banker, a social lion in London, and the husband of the beautiful Medora Grymes, who fifty years ago was considered by New York artists as an incarnation of Aphrodite.

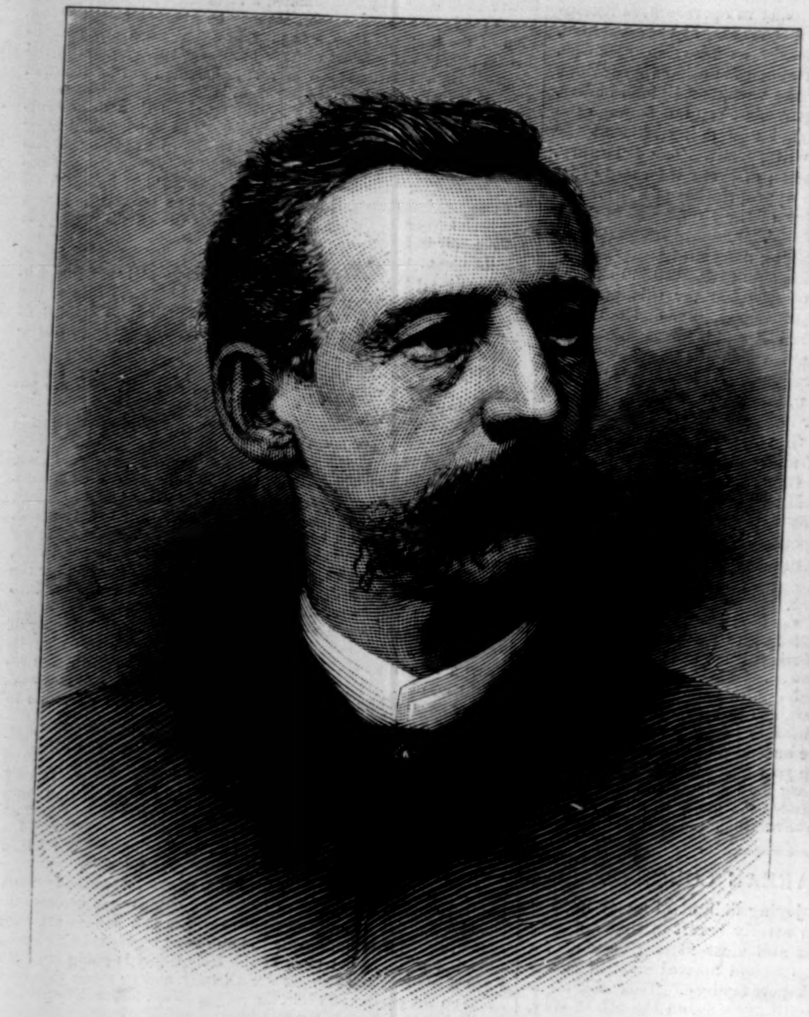
—The fine poem by Will Carleton which we print this week was written at the request of the Grand Army of the Republic, to be delivered by the author on Decoration-day at the cemetery at Arlington Heights. Mr. Carleton has just concluded a very successful series of readings in Washington, which he was invited to give by prominent citizens of the national capital.

—The Duke of Albany had a presentiment of his death. Two days before he died he said he would like a military funeral, and added: "For two nights now Princess Alice has appeared to me in my dreams, and says she is quite happy, and that she wants me to come and join her. That's what makes me so thoughtful."

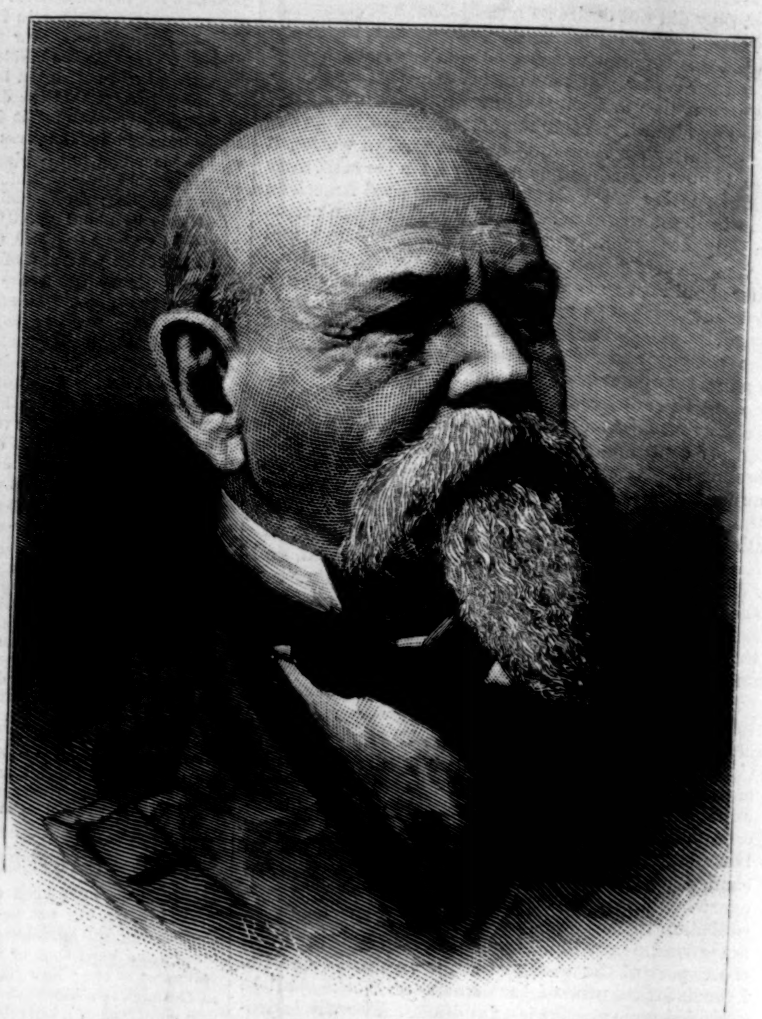
—Alfred Tennyson's longest published prose communication is one addressed to Mr. S. E. Dawson explaining the origin of some of his poems. Mr. Tennyson complains of some critics who are always accusing the poets of plagiarizing. "Are not human eyes," he asks, "all over the world looking at the same objects, and must there not consequently be coincidences of thought and impressions and expressions?" and he recites how the sea one night at Torquay suggested certain lines of one of his poems, how a coming snow-storm from the top of Snowdon suggested other lines, and how a storm in the middle of the North Sea suggested others. Every poet of nature could doubtless produce similar reminiscences.

—Mr. J. E. Hall, of Marietta, Ohio, ninety-one years old, is said to have built the first wharf boat on the Ohio River, and his son is married to a great-great-granddaughter of Martha Washington.

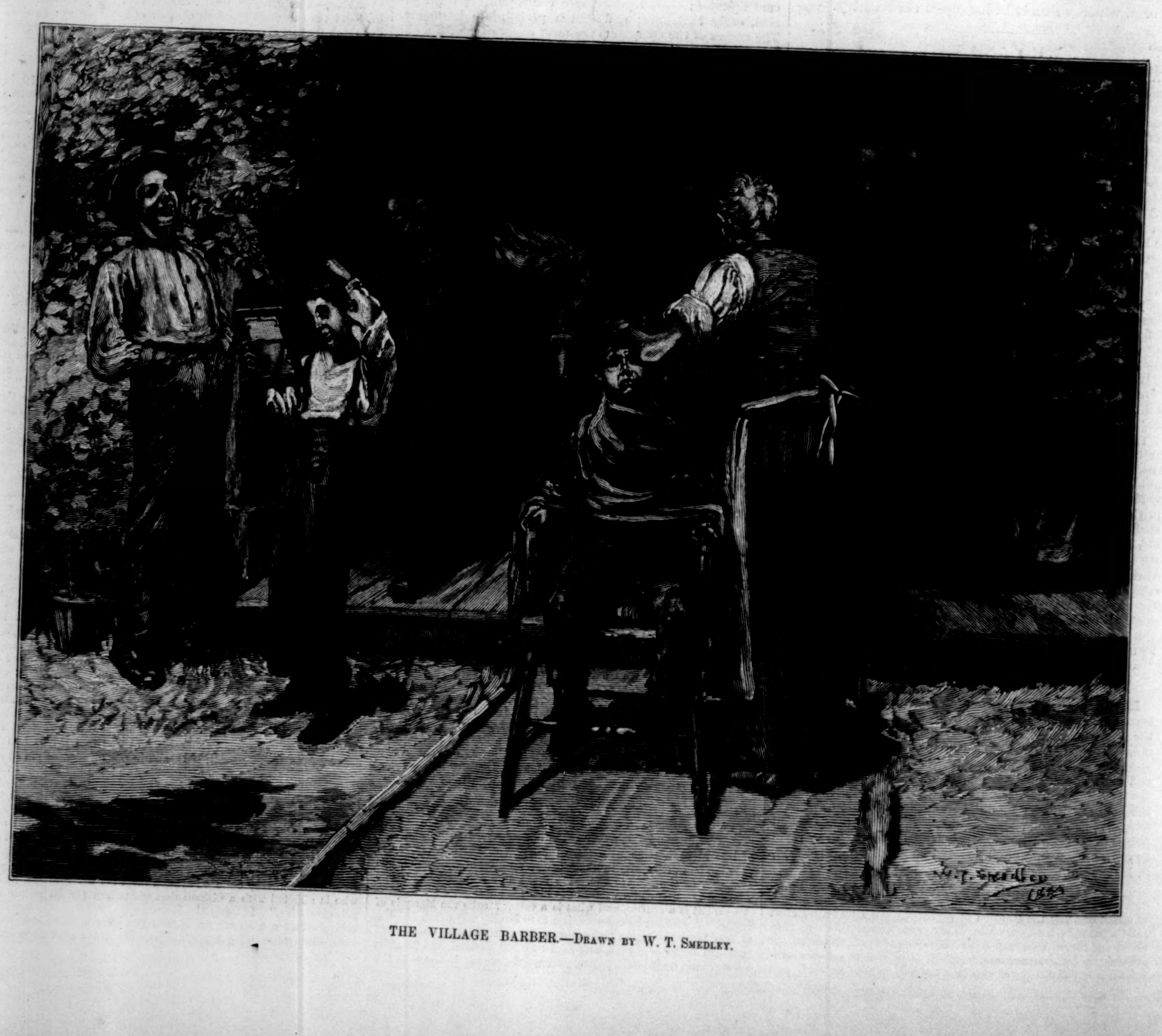
—The late Empress Mary Anne, of Austria, says a foreign writer, appeared to the world in the early part of her wedded life to be singularly blessed by the fates. She was the eldest of the three beautiful daughters of Victor Emanuel I., of Sardinia, and of that Princess of Naples who was called "La Bella." A medal was struck at Turin in 1818 representing the three daughters of Victor Emanuel as the mythological Graces. Mary Anne was the central figure. Each of the three lovely Sardinian princesses was doomed to be married to a most puissant, high, and illustrious prince, who, in his mental and moral faculties, was below the meanest of his subjects. The tall, finely built Mary Anne took the drivelling and epileptic Ferdinand, and was married to him by proxy on the 12th of April, 1831, and in person on the 27th of the same month. On the 28th of February he had nine fits. "What I suffered," wrote the bride to her ex-governess, "it is impossible to express." Soon after the death of the Emperor Francis, her father-in-law, there was a rumor that an heir in the direct line to the crown might be expected. "God forbid that I should ever perpetuate the suffering of which I am a constant witness! What renders it so awful is that it degrades instead of exalting. I should have been happier as a poor obscure woman with a husband I could love and rosy children around me, than the wife of a Kaiser who is afflicted with a disease that unfits him for all public and private duties." Latterly the Empress Mary Anne was bent and shrivelled as a withered apple, and she wore a close coif and a loose dress resembling a nun's robe. No trace of former grace and beauty remained.



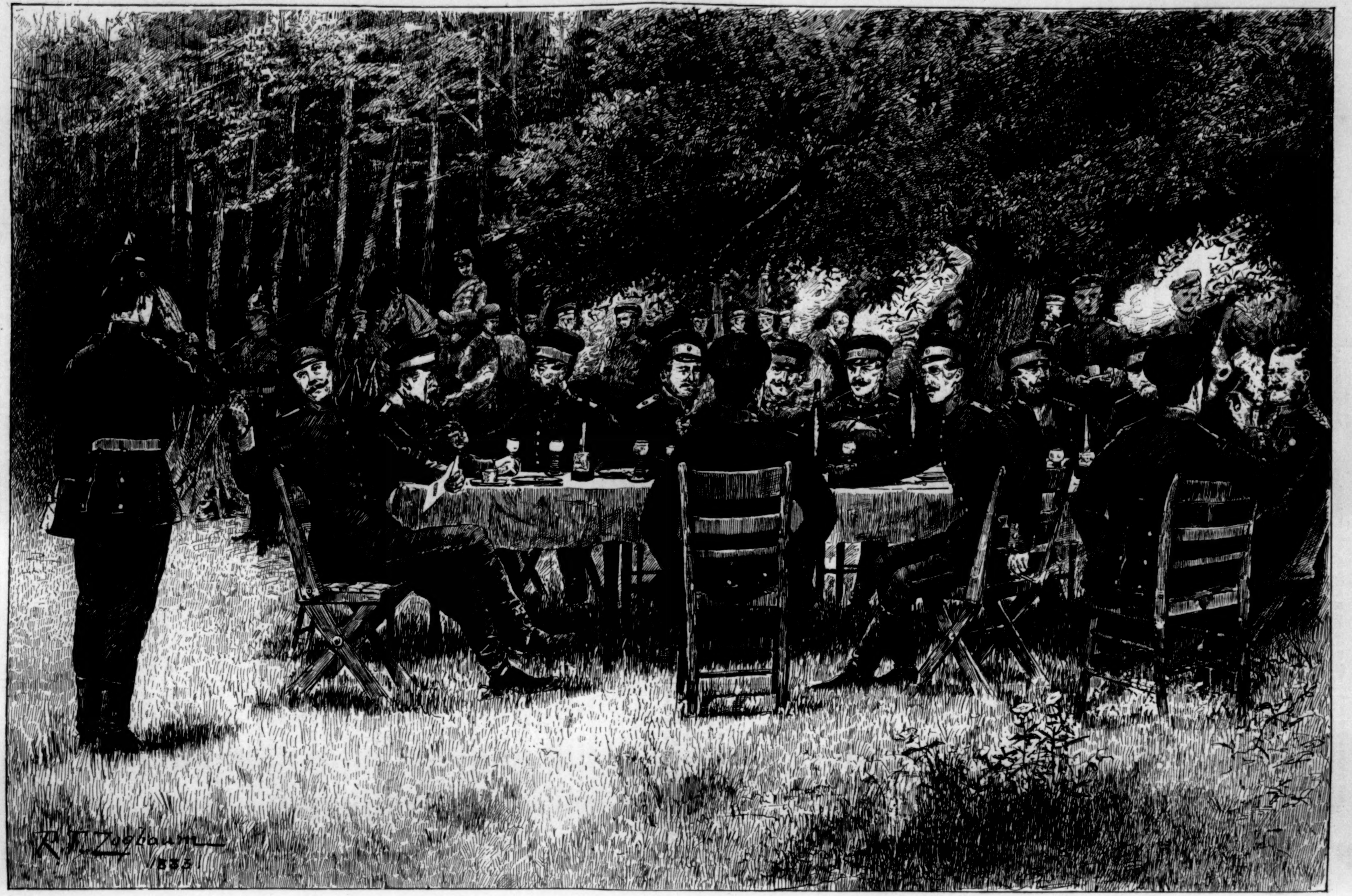
HENRY W. CANNON, COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. M. KUHN.—[SEE PAGE 347.]



THE LATE SAM WARD.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY GAMBIER.—[SEE PAGE 343.]



THE VILLAGE BARBER.—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.


R. F. Zogbaum
1883.

GERMAN OFFICERS AT MESS—A REMINISCENCE OF THE SUMMER MANŒUVRES.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 347.]

THE LOVES OF THE NATIONS.

[Continued from front page.]

"Rescue the dead!" was then the clarion cry;
"Rescue the dead, for we ourselves must die!"
So oft they made, before the strife was done,
A dozen corpses more, to rescue one.
When that great agony of muscle, brain,
Heart, soul, tumultuous joy, and frantic pain,
Men call a battle, had been lost and won,
And it was told which side the gods were on,
And o'er the brows of which exhausted band
Proud Victory should press her jewelled hand,
Then from the conquered to the conquering came
A voice that made its way like tongues of flame,
And swift and chivalrous compliance bred:
"Give us a truce, that we may bury our dead!"
Six Grecian generals came from war one day,
All well esteemed, for gallant men were they;
But some one, pointing grimly at them, said,
"They on the field unburied left their dead."
Then popular rage rose in a fiery flood,
And curled about them, and licked up their blood.
Why did each one fall with dissevered head?
Because the Grecians loved their soldier dead!
A man came running from Thermopylæ,
And said, "'Tis done; they all were slain but me."
Why did his fellow-Spartans sneer and hiss,
Recoil from him, as from a leper's kiss,
And say, "Take back your blood, you craven drone,
And leave it where your comrades lost their own"?
It was because the unhappy man had sped
Away from death, and left his comrades dead.
The Grecian mother, with a tearless eye,
Sent her son warward, with this mandate high:
"Now be this shield your glory or your hearse!
With it you earn my blessing or my curse!
Rather your ashes flecked with sparks of flame,
Than your live body clad in robes of shame!"
Oh yes, the Grecians loved their soldier dead!
Whether beneath the grass-blade's dainty tread,
Or 'mid the funeral pyre's majestic blaze,
They glowed within the living's envied gaze!
Yet not like ours that Grecian love could be:
They did not love the living as do we!

II.

The Romans loved their soldier dead,
And brightest, grandest honors o'er them spread.
That hard, grim nation, which with fierce iron hand
Clasped by the choking throat land after land,
And blood of its own living freely shed,
Grew strangely tender with its warrior dead.
The past was dragged for deeds of might and fame,
To hang in garlands on the golden name;
The magic silver of some gifted tongue
Chaplets of praise above his body flung;
And words fell on the living, listening ear,
The dead might well awaken but to hear.
The flags that he had captured, draped in gloom,
Before him waved—he found them at his tomb;
Sweet flowers, the freshest beauties of a day,
Made a fair garden of the hero's clay;
Great monuments wrote solemnly on high
His glory o'er the blue page of the sky;
And epitaphs, beneath the sparkling name,
Gave to the voiceless dead a tongue of flame.
Who fell with patriotic bravery, knew,
Humble or proud, his deeds would have their due;
Whoe'er with baseness threw his name away,
Knew that, when fall'n, he formed the vulture's prey.
Oh yes, the Romans loved their valiant dead,
The while their living were to victory led!
Great, brainy Rome! you knew the intense desire
Of men to live when meaner men expire;
Knew how they struggle, e'en with latest breath,
To make their names o'erbridge the gulf of death;
Knew the last rites to one dead hero paid
Would sharpen many a living warrior's blade;
Knew how your victory-accustomed bands
Were waved along by their dead comrades' hands!
Yet not like ours that Roman love could be:
They did not love the living as do we!

III.

And does Columbia love *her* dead?—
No word of praise or honor can be said,
No language has been given to our race,
No monument has majesty or grace,
No music, filling with weird sweets the air,
No maid or matron eloquently fair,
Naught that can feeling to expression wed,
May say how well we love our soldier dead.
If in those days when self was all above,
Men loved so well ere they were taught to love,
What deep affection may be felt and seen
From hearts taught by the love-crowned Nazarene!
The narrow Tiber creeps through Cæsar's Rome,
The broad Potomac laves our chieftain's home;
The cascades of the Grecians murmur still,
Niagara thunders o'er the Western hill.
So seems it, in this era of heart-lore,
As if our love transcended all before.
O'er this republic—Giant of Free Lands—
Holding apart the oceans with strong hands,
Has through these years in massive quiet flown
A tide of tender heart-love for its own.
When swirling floods rush through the meadows fair,
And turn them into valleys of despair,
A flood of love sweeps o'er the prosperous hills,
And brings them aid to cure their sudden ills.
When the red fire-king holds his crimson court,
And ruins homes to sate his fiendish sport,
There speeds a flame of pity through the land,
Which opens wide the generous heart and hand.
Love for the worthy living, our hearts' guide;
Love for the worthy dead, his dark-veiled bride.
Love for the living martyrs of the land,
And garlands for the dead, go hand in hand.
So, while we deck the brave ones that are gone,
Our hearts for those who live beat truly on.
When a man throws the treasures of his life
Into the Land's fierce, self-preserving strife,
Let him be sure, in the world's battles grim,
When war is o'er, the Land will fight for him!
So shall God's blessing mingle with these flowers,
And love of dead and living both be ours!

"I SAY NO:"[*]

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "MY LADY'S MONEY," "THE MOONSTONE," "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

THE DISCOVERY.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

INVESTIGATING.

HAVING revived his sinking energies in the fruit garden, Mirabel seated himself under the shade of a tree, and reflected on the critical position in which he was placed by Francine's jealousy.

If Miss De Sor continued to be Mr. Wyvil's guest, there seemed to be no other choice before Mirabel than to leave Monksmoor, and to trust to a favorable reply to his sister's invitation for the free enjoyment of Emily's society under another roof. Try as he might, he could arrive at no more satisfactory conclusion than this. In his preoccupied state time passed quickly. Nearly an hour had elapsed before he rose to return to the house.

Entering the hall, he was startled by a cry of terror in a woman's voice coming from the upper regions. At the same time Mr. Wyvil, passing along the bedroom corridor after leaving the music-room, was confronted by his daughter leaving Emily's bed-chamber in such a state of alarm that she could hardly speak.

"Gone!" she cried, the moment she saw her father.

Mr. Wyvil took her in his arms and tried to compose her. "Who has gone?" he asked.

"Emily. Oh, papa, Emily has left us! She has heard dreadful news: she told me so herself."

"What news? How did she hear it?"

"I don't know how she heard it. I went back to the drawing-room to show her my roses—"

"Was she alone?"

"Yes. She frightened me—she seemed quite wild. She said, 'Let me be by myself; I shall have to go home.' She kissed me, and ran up to her room. Oh, I am such a fool! Any one else would have taken care not to lose sight of her."

"How long did you leave her by herself?"

"I can't say. I thought I would go and tell you. And then I got anxious about her, and knocked at her door, and looked into the room. Gone! gone!"

Mr. Wyvil rang the bell, and confided Cecilia to the care of her maid. Mirabel had already joined him in the corridor. They went downstairs together, and consulted with Alban. He volunteered to make immediate inquiries at the railway station. Mr. Wyvil followed him as far as the lodge gate, which opened on the high-road, while Mirabel went to a second gate, at the opposite extremity of the park.

Mr. Wyvil obtained the first news of Emily. The lodge-keeper had seen her pass him, on her way out of the park, in the greatest haste. He had called after her, "Anything wrong, miss?" and had received no reply. Asked what time had elapsed since this had happened, he was too confused to be able to answer with any certainty. He knew that she had taken the road which led to the station, and he knew no more.

Mr. Wyvil and Mirabel met again at the house, and instituted an examination of the servants. No further discoveries were made.

The question which occurred to everybody was suggested by the words which Cecilia had repeated to her father. Emily had said she had "heard dreadful news." How had that news reached her? The one postal delivery at Monksmoor was in the morning. Had any special messenger arrived with a letter for Emily? The servants were absolutely certain that no such person had entered the house. The one remaining conclusion suggested that somebody must have communicated the evil tidings by word of mouth. But here again no evidence was to be obtained. No visitor had called during the day, and no new guests had arrived. Investigation was completely baffled.

Alban returned from the railway with news of the fugitive.

He had reached the station ten minutes after the departure of the London train. The clerk at the office recognized his description of Emily, and stated that she had taken her ticket for London. The station-master had opened the carriage door for her, and had noticed that the young lady appeared to be very much agitated. This information obtained, Alban had dispatched a telegram to Emily—in Cecilia's name: "Pray send us a few words to relieve our anxiety, and let us know if we can be of any service to you."

This was plainly all that could be done—but Cecilia was not satisfied. If her father had permitted it, she would have followed Emily. Alban comforted her. He apologized to Mr. Wyvil for shortening his visit, and announced his intention of travelling to London by the next train. "We may renew our inquiries to some advantage," he added, after hearing what had happened in his absence, "if we can find out who was the last person who saw her, and spoke to her, before your daughter found her alone in the drawing-room. When I went out of the room I left her with Miss De Sor."

The maid who waited on Miss De Sor was sent for. Francine had been out, by herself, walking in the park. She was then in her room changing her dress. On hearing of Emily's sudden departure, she had been (as the maid reported) "much shocked, and quite at a loss to understand what it meant."

Joining her friends a few minutes later, Francine presented, so far as personal appearance went, a strong contrast to the pale and anxious faces round her. She looked wonderfully well after her walk. In other respects she was in perfect harmony with the prevalent feeling. She expressed herself with the utmost propriety; her sympathy moved poor Cecilia to tears.

"I am sure, Miss De Sor, you will try to help us?" Mr. Wyvil began.

"With the greatest pleasure," Francine answered.

"How long were you and Miss Emily Brown together after Mr. Morris left you?"

"Not more than a quarter of an hour, I should think."

"Did anything remarkable occur in the course of conversation?"

"Nothing whatever."

Alban interfered for the first time.

"Did you say anything," he asked, "which agitated or offended Miss Brown?"

"That's rather an extraordinary question," Francine remarked.

"Have you no other answer to give?" Alban inquired.

"I answer—No!" she said, with a sudden outburst of anger.

There the matter dropped. While she spoke in reply to Mr. Wyvil, Francine had confronted him without embarrassment. When Alban interposed, she never looked at him, except when he provoked her to anger. Did she remember that the man who was questioning her was also the man who had suspected her of writing the anonymous letter? Alban was on his guard against himself, knowing how he disliked her. But the conviction in his own mind was not to be resisted. In some unimaginable way Francine was associated with Emily's flight from the house.

The answer to the telegram sent from the railway station had not arrived when Alban took his departure for London. Cecilia's suspense began to grow unendurable; she looked to Mirabel for comfort, and found none. His office was to console, and his capacity for performing that office was notorious among his admirers; but he failed to present himself to advantage when Mr. Wyvil's lovely daughter had need of his services. He was, in truth, too sincerely anxious and distressed to be capable of commanding his customary resources of ready-made sentiment and fluently pious philosophy. Emily's influence had awakened the only earnest and true feeling which had ever ennobled the popular preacher's life.

Toward evening the long-expected telegram was received at last. What could be said under the circumstances, it said in these words:

"Safe at home. Don't be uneasy about me. Will write soon."

With that promise they were for the time forced to be content.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

THE COTTAGE.

CHAPTER XLIX.

SHE KNOWS IT NOW.

MRS. ELLMOTHER, left in charge of Emily's place of abode, and feeling sensible of her lonely position from time to time, had just thought of trying the cheering influence of a cup of tea, when she heard a cab draw up at the cottage gate. A violent ring at the bell followed. She opened the door, and found Emily on the steps. One look at that dear and familiar face was enough for the old servant.

"God help us!" she cried; "what's wrong now?"

Without a word of reply, Emily led the way into the bed-chamber which had been the scene of Miss Letitia's death. Mrs. Ellmother hesitated on the threshold.

"Why do you bring me in here?" she asked.

"Why did you try to keep me out?" Emily answered.

"When did I try to keep you out, miss?"

"When I came home from school to nurse my aunt. Ah, you remember now! Is it true—I ask you here, where your old mistress died—is it true that my aunt deceived me about my father's death, and that you knew it?"

There was dead silence. Mrs. Ellmother trembled horribly, her lips dropped apart, her eyes wandered round the room with a stare of idiotic terror. "Is it her ghost tells you that?" she whispered. "Where is her ghost? The room whirls round and round, miss, and the air sings in my ears."

Emily sprang forward to support her. She staggered to a chair, and lifted her great bony hands in wild entreaty.

"Don't frighten me," she said. "Stand back!"

Emily obeyed her. She dashed the cold sweat off her forehead.

"You were talking about your father's death just now," she burst out, in desperate, defiant tones. "Your father died of heart-complaint."

"My father died murdered in the inn at Zeeland! All the long way to London I have tried to doubt it. Oh, me, I know it now!"

Answering in those words, she looked toward the bed. Harrowing remembrances of her aunt's delirious self-betrayal made the room unendurable to her. She ran out. The parlor door was open. Entering the room, she passed by a portrait of her father, which her aunt had hung on the wall over the fire-place. She threw herself on the sofa, and burst into a passionate fit of crying. "Oh, my father! my dear, gentle, loving father! my first, best, truest friend—murdered! murdered! O God! where was your justice, where was your mercy, when he died that dreadful death?"

A hand was laid on her shoulder; a voice said to her, "Hush, my child! God knows best."

Emily looked up, and saw that Mrs. Ellmother had followed her. "You poor old soul," she said, suddenly remembering; "I frightened you in the other room."

"I have got over it, my dear. I am old, and I have lived a hard life. A hard life schools a person. I make no complaints; I learned my lesson before you were born." She stopped, and began to shudder again. "Will you believe me if I tell you something?" she asked. "I warned my self-willed mistress. Standing by your father's coffin, I warned her. Hide the truth as you may (I said), a time will come when our child will know what you are keeping from her now. One or both of us may live to see it. I am the one who has lived; no refuge in the grave for me. I want to hear about it—there's no fear of frightening or hurting me now—I want to hear how you found it out. Was it by accident, my dear, or did a person tell you?"

Emily's mind was far away from Mrs. Ellmother. She rose from the sofa, with her hands held fast over her aching heart.

"The one duty of my life," she said—"I am thinking of the one duty of my life. Look! I am calm now; I am resigned to my hard lot. Never, never again, can the dear memory of my father be what it was! From this time it is the horrid memory of a crime. The crime has gone unpunished; the man has escaped others. He shall not escape Me." She paused, and looked at Mrs. Ellmother absently. "What did you say just now? You want to hear how I know what I know? Naturally! naturally! Sit down here—sit down, my old friend, on the sofa with me—and take your mind back to Netherwoods. Alban Morris—"

Mrs. Ellmother recoiled from Emily in dismay. "Don't tell me *he* had anything to do with it! The kindest of men; the best of men!"

"The man of all men living who least deserves your good opinion or mine," Emily answered, sternly.

"You!" Mrs. Ellmother exclaimed—"*you* say that!"

"I say it. He—who won on me to like him—he was in the conspiracy to deceive me, and you know it. He heard me talk of the newspaper story of the murder of my father—I say, he heard me talk of it composedly, talk of it carelessly, in the innocent belief that it was the murder of a stranger—and he never opened his lips to prevent that horrid profanation. He never even said, Speak of something else; I won't hear you. No more of him! God forbid I should ever see him again! No! Do what I told you. Carry your mind back to Netherwoods. One night you let Francine De Sor frighten you. You ran away from her into the garden. Keep quiet! At your age, must I set you an example of self-control?"

"I want to know, Miss Emily, where Francine De Sor is now?"

"She is at the house in the country which I have left."

"Where does she go next, if you please? Back to Miss Ladd?"

"I suppose so. What interest have you in knowing where she goes next?"

"I won't interrupt you, miss. It's true that I ran away into the garden. I can guess who followed me. How did she find her way to me and Mr. Morris in the dark?"

"The smell of tobacco guided her—she knew who smoked—she had seen him talking to you on that very day—she followed the scent—she heard what you two said to each other—and she has repeated it to me. Oh, my old friend, the malice of a revengeful girl has enlightened me, when you, my nurse—and he, my lover—left me in the dark: it has told me how my father died!"

"That's said bitterly, miss!"

"Is it said truly?"

"No. It isn't said truly of myself. God knows you would never have been kept in the dark if your aunt had listened to me. I begged and prayed—I went down on my knees to her—I warned her, as I told you just now. Must I tell *you* what a headstrong woman Miss Letitia was? She insisted. She put the choice before me of leaving her at once and forever, or giving in. I wouldn't have given in to any other creature on the face of this earth. I am obstinate, as you have often told me. Well, your aunt's obstinacy beat mine; I was too fond of her to say No. Besides, if you ask me who was to blame in the first place, I tell you it wasn't your aunt; she was frightened into it."

"Who frightened her?"

"Your godfather—the great London surgeon—he who was visiting in our house at the time."

"Sir Richard?"

"Yes—Sir Richard. He said he wouldn't answer for the consequences, in the delicate state of your health, if we told you the truth. Ah, he had it all his own way after that. He went with Miss Letitia to the inquest; he won over the coroner and the newspaper men to his will; he kept your aunt's name out of the papers; he took charge of the coffin; he hired the undertaker and his men, strangers from London; he wrote the certificate—who but he! Everybody was cap in hand to the famous man!"

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[*] Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1409.

"Surely the servants and the neighbors asked questions?"

"Hundreds of questions! What did that matter to Sir Richard? They were like so many children in *his* hands. And, mind you, the luck helped him. To begin with, there was the common name. Who was to pick out your poor father among the thousands of James Browns? Then, again, the house and lands went to the male heir, as they called him—the man your father quarrelled with in the by-gone time. He brought his own establishment with him. Long before you got back from the friends you were staying with—don't you remember it?—we had cleared out of the house; we were miles and miles away; and the old servants were scattered abroad, finding new situations wherever they could. How could you suspect us? We had nothing to fear in that way; but my conscience pricked me. I made another attempt to prevail on Miss Letitia when you had recovered your health. I said: 'There's no fear of a relapse now; break it to her gently, but tell her the truth.' No; your aunt was too fond of you. She daunted me with dreadful fits of crying when I tried to persuade her. And that wasn't the worst of it. She bade me remember what an excitable man your father was; she reminded me that the misery of your mother's death laid him low with brain-fever. She said: 'Emily takes after her father: I have heard you say it yourself. She has his constitution and his sensitive nerves. Don't you know how she loved him, how she talks of him to this day? Who can tell, if we are not careful, what dreadful mischief we may do?' That was how my mistress worked on me. I got infected with her fears: it was as if I had caught an infection of disease. Oh, my dear, blame me if it must be, but don't forget how I have suffered for it since. I was driven away from my dying mistress, in terror of what she might say while you were watching at her bedside. I have lived in fear of what you might ask me, and have longed to go back to you, and have not had the courage to do it. Look at me now!"

The poor creature tried to take out her handkerchief; her quivering hand helplessly entangled itself in her dress. "I can not even dry my eyes," she said, faintly. "Try to forgive me, miss."

Emily put her arms round the old nurse's neck and kissed her.

For a while they were silent. Through the window that was open to the little garden came the one sound that could be heard—the gentle trembling of leaves in the evening wind.

The silence was harshly broken by the bell at the cottage door. They both started.

Emily's heart beat fast. "Who can it be?" she said.

Mrs. Ellmother rose. "Shall I say you can't see anybody?" she asked, before leaving the room.

"Yes, yes!"

Emily heard the door open; heard low voices in the passage. There was a momentary interval. Then Mrs. Ellmother returned. She said nothing. Emily spoke to her.

"Is it a visitor?"

"Yes."

"Have you said I can't see anybody?"

"I couldn't say it."

"Why not?"

"Don't be hard on him, my dear. It's Mr. Alban Morris."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SHIFTING VOTE.

II.

THE results of the elections of 1883 show that the two great parties stand once more on nearly even terms. To the Republicans, if to either side, incline the chances of success, provided their pledges, and more especially the character of their nominees, meet the requirements demanded by the independent vote. That vote naturally allies itself to the Republican side, and it is that vote which is sure to decide the election of 1884. This an examination of the electoral vote will show. According to the new system of apportionment, the Electoral College will comprise 401 votes, instead of 369 as in 1880; 201 will therefore be necessary for an election. Of the thirty-eight States the Democrats can with reasonable certainty count upon carrying seventeen, giving a total electoral vote of 162, or eighteen with Indiana, which is conceded to be more likely to go Democratic than Republican, giving a total of 177. The Republicans, on the other hand, can count with equal certainty upon sixteen States, exclusive of Indiana, giving them 171 electoral votes. The "sure" States are reckoned as follows:*

Republican.		*Democratic.*	
Colorado	3	Alabama	10
Illinois	22	Arkansas	7
Iowa	13	Delaware	3
Kansas	9	Florida	4
Maine	6	Georgia	12
Massachusetts	14	Indiana	15
Michigan	13	Kentucky	13
Minnesota	7	Louisiana	8
Nebraska	5	Maryland	8
New Hampshire	4	Mississippi	9
Ohio	23	Missouri	16
Oregon	3	New Jersey	9
Pennsylvania	30	North Carolina	11
Rhode Island	4	South Carolina	9
Vermont	4	Tennessee	12
Wisconsin	11	Texas	13
Total	171	Virginia	12
		West Virginia	6
		Total	177

The Republicans must therefore secure thirty more electoral votes to give them a majority, while the Democrats, besides counting Indiana as a "sure" State, must win twenty-four more.

It may be claimed that Ohio should be taken out of the list of "sure" States. But the election of 1883 showed plainly enough that under normal conditions that State is much more likely to go Republican than Indiana is to go Democratic. The doubtful States under the new apportionment will be entitled to votes as follows:

California	8
Connecticut	6
Nevada	3
New York	36
Total	53

This shows at a glance the paramount importance of New York as the "pivotal State." If the others cast their votes in the way above stated, as according to all present indications and probability they will, the party which wins New York wins the fight. But this slight advantage favors the Republicans. Without New York the Democrats can not win; whilst, if the Republicans should repeat in Indiana their victory of 1882, which they are far more likely to do than are the Democrats to win any "sure" State from the Republican column, the Republicans could even lose New York and yet win by carrying California, Connecticut, and Nevada, the remaining "doubtful" States. With all the doubtful States, they can afford to lose both Indiana and Ohio, and win by a bare majority of one.

In the "pivotal State" the balance of power lies in the hands of the shifting vote. That vote, which is to decide the national election of 1884, is happily intelligent, sagacious, and, above all, independent. Its leaning is toward the Republican side. But it has been and it will be prompt to stamp with emphatic disapproval unfair methods and improper nominees. It has been accustomed to regard that party as a means of impressing its convictions upon public affairs—a fact which has only received additional emphasis by its prompt withdrawal of support when that means has lost its efficiency by submission to corrupt and degenerating influences. An examination of the returns for recent years proves the truth of these assertions. In 1872 General Dix carried the State for the Republicans over Mr. Kernan by 53,451 majority. Only two years later, owing to the settled conviction that the party managers were abandoning its principles for partisan ends, and that the cause of efficient government and administrative reform could better be secured through the Democrats, the shifting vote promptly reversed the figures, and Mr. Tilden carried the State by a majority of 50,317 over General Dix. Mr. Tilden's successful administration, and especially the reputation he at that time secured as a reformer, enabled his successor, Mr. Robinson, to repeat the victory, two years later, by about the same majority. Again, in 1879, the nomination by the Republicans of a candidate who was supposed to represent the extreme machine wing of the party caused an organized revolt of the independent vote, which would have cost him his election but for a defection of larger proportions from the Democratic ranks. When Mr. Kelly drew off 77,566 Democratic votes, he saved Mr. Cornell from a defeat by about 35,000 majority. At least 20,000 Republicans, acting upon principle and a conviction of public duty, withheld their support from the latter, while they cordially indorsed Mr. Wadsworth, the candidate for Comptroller, who was regarded as representing the best element in the party, and who therefore led by nearly 20,000 the head of his ticket.

One year later the same shifting vote, which but for the revolt of the Tammany faction would have defeated the Republicans in 1879, was just as prompt to sanction by its approval the new departure in the right direction which the party seemed to make in 1880. For the warning of 1879 found its response in the action of 183 delegates to the State Convention in the following year who refused to recognize the right of the machine majority to bind their national delegates by an iron-clad rule. Had that rule prevailed, and the intended result been secured, New York would unquestionably have gone Democratic at the ensuing election. As it was, the independent voters regarded the nomination of General Garfield as a victory of the principles upon which they stood, and were quick to give effective sanction to their convictions. The 20,000 independents carried the State for Garfield. To the men whom ex-Senator Conkling called "tramps, jayhawkers, and guerrillas—men who deploy between the lines, now on one side, and now on the other," with whose "dictation" ex-Senator Boutwell declared at the same time he was thoroughly disgusted—"the scratchers, bolters, Germans, and dilettants," whose "sloughing off," he insisted, would strengthen the party—to these same men the Republicans owed their national victory four years ago. Without their aid New York had gone Democratic, and with that addition to his electoral vote General Hancock would have been seated by a majority of eleven!

In the year following, the partial success of the machine element, in their desperate efforts to regain control, led to a loss of nearly 10,000 votes. And finally, in 1882, by ignoring the independent element, and resorting once more to the devices which had brought discredit on the party in the past, the controlling faction paid the dearest price for their unfair victory at the Convention by suffering the most disastrous rout the party had ever met at the polls.

Ever since the subsidence of the old campaign issues, party lines have changed and wavered by wide divergencies at each election, and they are not likely to be any more strictly drawn in the coming campaign. The independent voter, no longer bound by those ties of sentiment which alone kept him at times within the ranks, has begun to scrutinize with a keen interest, hitherto well-nigh impossible to arouse, the workings of our administrative system, noting faults, detecting abuses, and constantly demanding a higher standard of intelligence, honesty, and efficiency. That vote has always preferred to act with the Republican party, regarding it as the party whose great victories have been won when it has appealed to the highest motives, and sought to attract men by working upon their convictions. Whenever it has ceased for a time to be the party of reason, and has become the party of prejudice, it has invariably paid the penalty of its lapse from the high standard demanded of it by the most independent vote within its ranks, the vote which gives it stability and enables it to gain its successes. Failing at times to secure by an attempted reform within the party a correction of those evils which it could not tolerate, that vote has sometimes preferred even to support the party's opponents, wisely regarding success at the polls, involving a continuation of those evils, as a curse to the party and a promise of its speedy ruin. Wherever the defeat which such independent action caused has been followed by a correction of the abuses against which it was a protest, that vote has been just as ready to denote its approval with prompt and efficient sanction.

To that quick responsiveness to the demands of the most enlightened public sentiment, when emphasized at the polls, the Republican party owes its chance of success to-day. There is a way, and but one, by which it can carry the national election of 1884. Not by aping Democratic methods of discipline and organization, nor by permitting the control of the party machinery to fall again into the hands of those whose management has brought it defeat, but by so shaping its course as to attract that vote which it must gain to win. It is especially true that in that State upon whose action the issue turns it has won in the past by appealing to that vote, and lost when by it that vote has been ignored.

From what has gone before, the conclusion is simple. The facts, if they have any significance at all, mean that the balance of power in the "pivotal State" stands ready to elect a Republican President in 1884. It is for the party leaders to say whether that vote shall be attracted in the only way by which it can be won, by straightforward measures and honorable nominees, secured by honest means, or alienated once more by the shifts and devices that have driven it to their opponents in the past.

GEORGE WALTON GREEN.

THE COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY.

MR. H. W. CANNON, who has been appointed Comptroller of the Currency to succeed MR. JOHN J. KNOX, has had a remarkably successful career as a banker. He was born at Delhi, in this State, in 1849, and in early youth developed such unusual capacity for finance that he was made a teller of a bank before he had attained his majority. On his removal to Minnesota, many years ago, he pursued the same career, and won the confidence of the entire community by his prudent, conservative management of the undertakings which he had in charge.

GERMAN OFFICERS AT MESS.

MANY of our readers will remember an interesting article, with illustrations, which appeared in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for August, 1883, under the title of "War Pictures in Times of Peace," from the pen and pencil of MR. RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM. The author of that admirable description of the autumn manœuvres of the French army contributes to the WEEKLY an interesting reminiscence of the autumn manœuvres of their great military rival, entitled "German Officers at Mess."

MR. ZOGBAUM has attended the grand military manœuvres of France, Germany, and England as a staff attaché, in order to acquire a thorough knowledge of military affairs, and his drawings display a fidelity to the minutest details of army life, as well as picturesque effect, which is rarely to be found in work of this character.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

INFANT fishes are now carried about on land in a railway car nicely adapted to their convenience. It is backed up to the door of the Central Hatching Station at Washington, the finny passengers are taken aboard in cans containing some fifteen or twenty thousand fishes each, and the car is whirled away toward the head-waters of the Hudson, or some other destination. The fishes are tenderly cared for *en route* by men who have made their wants the study of a lifetime. Meanwhile, without any knowledge of natural history, other men are killing millions of fishes with sludge acid and other poisons poured from their factories into the running streams.

A student who was recently graduated at Harvard has been stricken with a strange disease. Whatever he begins to do, he continues doing until stopped by some exterior influence. If he had developed this peculiarity while he was in college, he might have been made stroke of the university eight.

Senator Vance desired to send to the most active and intelligent young students of the tariff question in his State a public document entitled, *Compilation of Existing Tariff Laws.* A few acknowledgments of the receipt of a *Report of the Health Officer of the District of Columbia* came to him from the most polite of the young students of the tariff question. An explanation from the Senator followed.

One of the revelations of the recent financial panic was that the Italians in New York and Brooklyn were to a noteworthy extent depositors in the savings-banks. They seemed to have used excellent judgment in choosing the banks which they would favor with deposits, for those banks were among the oldest and of the best repute. But they seemed to be destitute of information as to the relative strength of savings-banks, for they fought for places in the line to withdraw money from these institutions of excellent repute before anybody else thought of taking money from the savings-banks that are less strong in the public esteem. A more squalid lot of men and women could hardly be found in America than the depositors who made the Italian "runs" on the banks, and in many instances drew good-sized deposits.

The financial panic has seriously interfered with the renting of cottages at Newport, and has "dimmed the prospects for the season," it is asserted. Yet it is possible to imagine distress more dire than is likely to be suffered in Newport.

A conspicuous figure at some of the recent social gatherings in San Francisco was a woman wearing a black dress, black gloves of many buttons, and no bit of bright color about her sombre costume, and whose skin was almost as dark as the silk she wore. She was Princess Like-Like, of the Sandwich Islands. In the course of several weeks spent in that city she received many social attentions. The peoples that boast of the highest civilization have been visited of late by an unusual number of distinguished persons from the homes of dark-skinned races, and it is worthy of remark that those personages have been without exception well-behaved.

The recent failure of a single concern in London will be far more widely felt than the financial panic that lately took possession of Wall Street. The Oriental Bank was deemed second in stability to the Bank of England. Though its capital was only about seven and a half million dollars, there were more than a hundred thousand shareholders, and each shareholder is liable for the debts of the bank to the extent of all his possessions. The bank had branches at Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Singapore, Hong-Kong, Yokohama, Melbourne, Sydney, and other points. Spinsters, widows, civil service employés, clergymen, and other small investors were attracted to the concern in large numbers in the British provinces and colonies. Thousands of attachments against the property of shareholders have been issued, and it is said that more than a score of persons have committed suicide.

There seems to be very little prospect that the offer of $25,000 reward for the rescue of Greely and his men will result in their release from the northern ice by whalers before the arrival of any of the relief ships in arctic waters. Commander Schley sends word to Washington from St. John's that only one vessel of the whaling fleet has preceded the relief-ship *Bear*, and that the whaler will probably be overtaken by Lieutenant Emory before reaching the north water.

This country has need of a benefactor like Bass, the man who found the ale of England bad and left it good. Not that this republic is going to decay for want of better beer, but because there is work to be done here like that which was done in London by the famous ale-brewer, independently of his bins and vats. To him belonged the credit of abating the hand-organ nuisance by means of a law which enables householders to order organ-grinders out of hearing. No wonder that New York is the paradise of these mendicants, when they are almost outlawed in Paris, and are brought under legal restraint in London, and when they have power to establish nuisances here at their will and maintain them till the helpless victims submit to black-mail. There is a sort of law supposed to be in force here for preventing organ-grinding when people want to sleep; but there should be an enactment under which no one could be seen with a hand-organ in his possession without incurring the suspicion of the sleuth-hounds of the law, and no one could turn an organ crank without finding himself in the clutch of a blue-coat.

According to a French journal, M. Pasteur claims to have discovered a preventive and cure for hydrophobia. The distinguished chemist is quoted as having said: "From to-day anybody bitten by a mad dog has only to present himself at the laboratory of the École Normale, and by inoculation I will make him completely insusceptible to the effects of hydrophobia, even if bitten subsequently by any number of mad dogs." M. Pasteur is said to have discovered that the *virus rabique* loses its intensity when transmitted to certain animals, and regains its strength when imparted to others. Thus in the monkey the poison becomes weaker, and in the rabbit stronger. He is quoted as having said that by inoculating a monkey with virus from the brain of a dog that had died of hydrophobia, and then by successive inoculation of monkeys, he obtained a virus so weak as to be almost harmless. With this virus he inoculated a rabbit, and with the virus from that creature another rabbit, and so on until a virus of maximum intensity was produced. He then possessed virus obtained from the rabbits of different degrees of strength. The treatment is to inoculate the person first with the weakest poison, and to increase the strength of the virus administered in successive inoculations till the strongest has been used. It is claimed that the person is then proof against the effect of inoculation even with poison taken directly from the brain of a dog that died of hydrophobia, and that this treatment is an unfailing preventive of hydrophobia even after a person has been bitten by a rabid animal. M. Pasteur has made use of a kennel of mad dogs in his experiments. The cable announces that he has presented his claim before the French Academy, and has shown his faith in the preventive by allowing himself to be bitten by a rabid dog.

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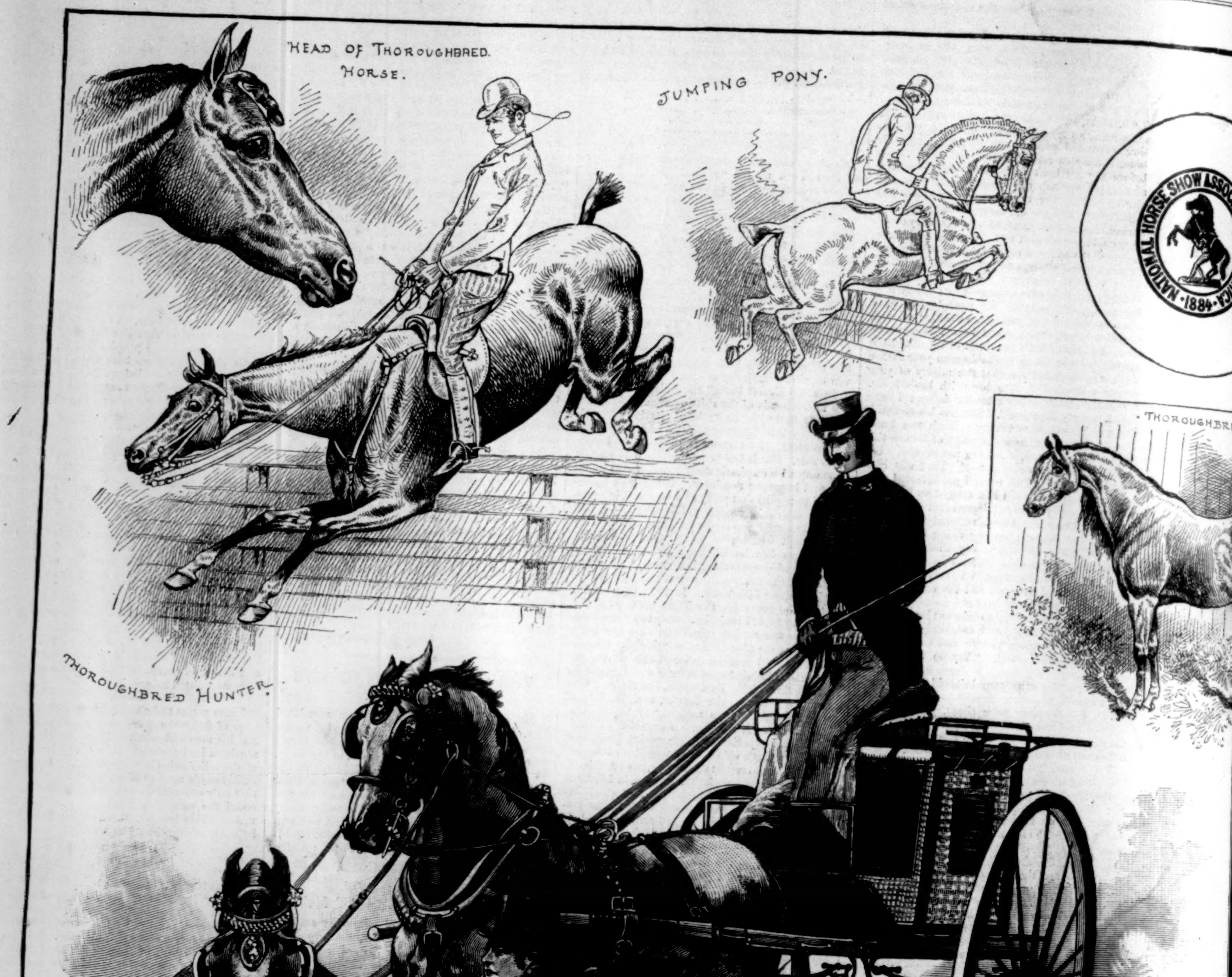
* This estimate is slightly altered from an article in the New York *Evening Post*, which classes Indiana among the doubtful States.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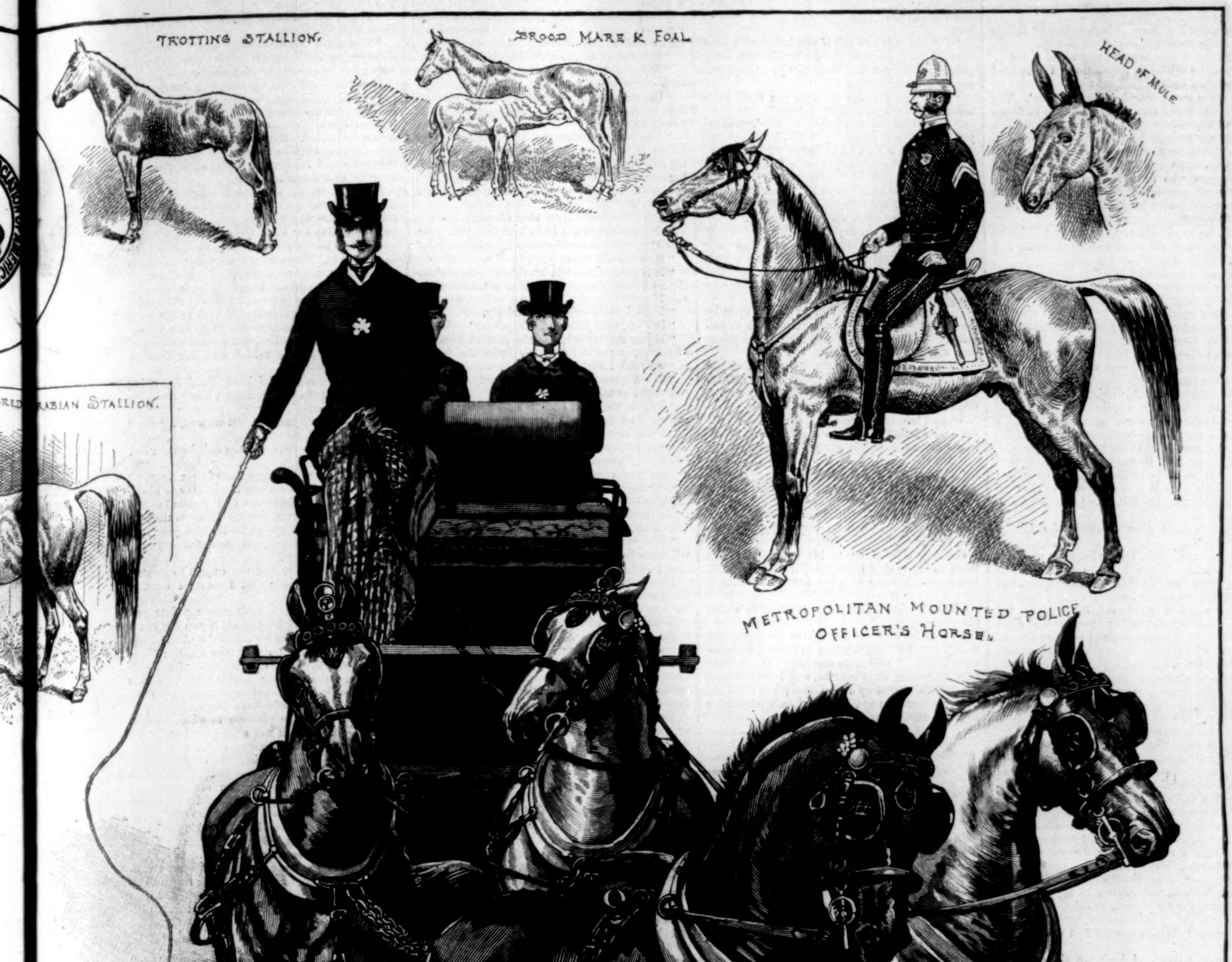
SADDLE HORSES.
. PARK HACK.

STUDIES IN HORSES—APROPOS OF THE SECOND NATIONAL HORSE SHOW


TROTTING STALLION.
BROOD MARE & FOAL
HEAD OF MULE
RED ARABIAN STALLION.
METROPOLITAN MOUNTED POLICE OFFICER'S HORSE.
.THE FOUR-IN-HANDS.
SHETLAND PONY.
GRAY-PARKER

SH W AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.—Drawn by Gray-Parker.—[See Page 351.]

THREE SUMMER DAYS.

I.—HE CAME.

"I SUPPOSE Mrs. Howard is in a state of delight at her son's coming?" said Miss Barton.

"Yes, she is very happy," responded Clare.

"I hope he will be an acquisition. We do need men so much here!"

The place was a crowded summer hotel. The speaker was one of those young ladies to be found at such places—uncertain as to years, skillful in crochet, energetic at tennis, active in charades, very obliging, very useful, not so pretty as they used to be, and very little esteemed by the lordly collegians who form for the most part the scanty male population, and whom they treat with a consideration hardly to be expected from thirty to twenty.

"Will he be, should you think? or will he be one of the sort to put on airs about charades and things, and be poky?"

"I imagine he will be nice."

"Is he handsome?"

"I have never seen him, you know." Clare might have answered more explicitly if she had chosen, having studied Geoffrey Howard's photograph with some assiduity.

"Why, I thought Mrs. Howard was your guardian, or something, and you were awfully intimate in the family."

"It is funny, isn't it? It always seems as if I knew him. Well, you see, this was the way of it. Mr. Howard only came back from abroad a few weeks ago; he has been away two years, and during the year before that he was at Harvard, when I visited Mrs. Howard, and for four years before that *we* were in Europe; and of course when I was a child it wasn't strange that we never met, as they lived in one place and we in another."

"But you have always known the family, haven't you?"

"Oh my! yes. Mrs. Howard was my mother's dearest friend. When I was a little girl she used to make us flying visits very frequently, and she was with us all the time during my mother's last illness. And when my father took me abroad, Annie—that was her daughter that died, you know—Annie went too, and we were together at school for three years, and were like sisters. She died soon after that. It was awfully sad. She was a lovely girl."

"I should think you would be dying to see him."

"I am rather curious, of course."

Nevertheless, when, three or four hours later, Clare heard the station omnibus rumbling up the road, she retired to her room in a sudden fit of timidity, and watched the important arrival through the slats of her blinds.

She saw a tall, active figure swing itself down before the stage stopped, and a merry face that at this moment looked almost boyish. He snatched off his hat, as the blonde head bent over the gray one, and a moment after the mother and son, arm in arm, disappeared within the house.

A little later, when Geoffrey Howard, having refreshed himself, was sitting in his mother's room waiting for his supper, he asked:

"Well, designing little mother, how about this young woman? Which was she? I took 'em all in on the piazza."

"She wasn't there. I don't see where she is. She was anxious to meet you."

"But you haven't said anything to her of your deep purposes?"

"Why, of course not. And you know that I have no designs. I have found a girl whom I have *studied*, and I know if you cared for her she would make you a good, loving wife; that is all. Dear boy, you know I should not think of my own wishes for a moment in such a matter, although I am so fond of Clare. But a mother can't help being anxious to secure her son's happiness."

"Is she pretty?"

"You have seen her picture."

"I have forgotten what it looks like."

"Well, some people don't call her pretty; but she is a very good girl—solid gold," said this astute old lady.

Thought the young man: "I know exactly the sort. I know just the kind of girl my mother would fancy: a reliable kind of girl, excellent to preside over the household of a sensible, middle-aged old duffer. 'Good, but not beautiful!' I am afraid I shall not be able to please you this time, mother mine."

Then he thought no more about her, and talked of other things.

It was after supper that he met her at last. There was a certain cozy parlor, a valued resort on cool mornings and evenings, when a little fire was not amiss, but deserted now because everybody found it pleasanter on the piazza. Here, after eagerly watching him devour his tardy supper, Mrs. Howard brought her son.

"Wait a minute. I am going to bring Clare in and introduce you to her here. It will be much more suitable than before all the others."

In two or three minutes, when he heard the coming footsteps, Geoffrey went forward, prepared to offer all the courtesy and attention due to his mother's ward, but armed at all points against being constrained to do more. A little willful was this young fellow, having had very much his own way in life so far. But all his armor fell at the feet of the young girl his mother led by the hand into the lamp-light. Her white summer dress came close up around her throat; the dusky hair, curling a little, was bound in a low knot at the back. Perhaps the cheeks had a richer tint and the hazel eyes a brighter gleam than usual just now.

Geoffrey's accustomed easy bearing for a single instant forsook him in his surprise. In that instant Clare held out her hand in such a pretty way, half shy, half frank, saying, "We are old friends already, aren't we, Mr. Howard?"

"Of course we are." His wits had speedily returned to him. "I've known you by your pictures and—a—letters" (the hypocrite!) "for ever so long."

"I'm not going to ask if you have had a pleasant journey, because there are fourteen other people to ask you that when you go outside presently to be introduced."

"Must I go through that, do you think? It seems to me it's pleasanter in here."

"Of course you will have to. Don't pretend you won't like it, because you will."

"Are there a nice lot of people here?"

"Mixed, like everything else in this world, you know. Pretty good on the whole. Mrs. Howard, you must give him the nicest people first, and then he will have somebody to fall back upon when the others prove too much for him."

"I shall have that anyway."

"Oh, you needn't expect to monopolize your mother," said Clare, though she blushed a little under his glance. "She is in great demand, I can assure you.—Don't you think it will be cooler on the piazza, Mrs. Howard?"

So Geoffrey had to go and be preyed upon by the damsels who had been on tiptoe with expectation ever since they had seen a handsome young man drive up in the omnibus.

Some of them were pretty, but none had had the advantage of being seen first in the soft radiance of the shaded lamp in that cozy parlor. Oh, judicious Mrs. Howard!

When Clare said good-night, she added, "I did not hear whether or not you accepted Miss Wickham's invitation to join our picnic to-morrow."

"Are you going?"

"Oh yes, of course."

"Then I'll go, on one condition—that you let me drive you."

"Oh, you needn't make conditions. If you like to come, we shall be very happy to have you, that is all."

Geoffrey colored up to his hair. "I didn't mean to imply that I supposed it made any difference to anybody whether I went or not. I should like to go very much."

"That is right. We all go together in a couple of big wagons."

"I wonder what mother meant by saying she wasn't pretty?" said Geoffrey to himself when he went to bed. "Of course she hasn't one of those silly, simpering little mouths, and I am not sure but her nose turns up a very little; but it's a bewitching kind of nose. Well, there's something awfully sweet about her, anyway."

II.—HE SAW.

When the picnic wagons started off the next morning, Geoffrey had skillfully secured for himself a seat next to Clare.

He was decidedly the hero of the hour, for the only other representative of chivalry in the wagon was a freckled youth whose incipient down could not for a moment compete with Mr. Howard's fine blonde mustache. And then his eyes were "just too perfectly lovely for anything." Clare was a little proud of him. She felt a kind of proprietary right in him, being really almost one of the family. Not that she monopolized him; the thought was far from her. She would have brought the other girls into notice if they had waited to give her the chance. But she was sweet and gracious to him.

"What do you do at a picnic?" asked he. "It is so long since I have been to one that I really don't know."

"When we arrive," said the vivacious Miss Wickham, "*you* will gather sticks and build a fire, then draw water up from a well, and hang the kettle. *We* shall unpack the baskets, and in time make the coffee. When we have *repasted* we shall disperse, and amuse ourselves according to our various tastes for a short time. There is a cave to visit in one direction, and a water-fall in another, and a very respectable hill to climb, with a view from the top. Which shall you prefer?"

"I will stay with the remains of the banquet while the rest of you are gone."

This programme, except the last item, was carried out. After the mirthful lunch, Geoffrey induced Clare to go up the hill and show him the view. As they were starting off, Miss Wickham joined them.

"I thought you were going to stay with the feast," she said.

"There did not seem to be enough left to make it any object to me."

"Are you going up the hill? So am I."

But at this moment the freckled youth ran up.

"Oh—a—Miss Wickham, there's a party going to the cave. Don't you want to see it?"

Miss Wickham reflected rapidly. Which were better, a youth, immature but devoted, all to herself, or a desirable man shared with another girl, who would possibly absorb more than her proper half? In the hurry of the moment she rashly decided in favor of the former. She regretted it afterward, and wished she had not lost this opportunity of showing Mr. Howard how fascinating she could be.

The forsaken pair toiled up the hill-side, silently pleased with the freckled youth. It was not such an easy climb. There were steep and rough places where a strong hand was a great help to one.

"There!" said Clare, when at last they stood upon the summit. "Isn't that fine?"

"Beautiful!" he murmured, without taking his eyes from her half-averted face.

"Let us rest awhile."

He spread a thick shawl in the shadow of some shrubs, and she sat down upon it, and I beg you to believe me when I say that she did it gracefully. It is a thing that can be done, but I own that it is rare.

Geoffrey threw himself down beside her, and, leaning on his elbow, idly beat the ground with a little switch he broke from the bushes.

Clare contemplated the prospect in silence for a moment.

"Do you realize," said Geoffrey, after some conversation apropos of his travels, "how odd it is that we never met before?"

"It is rather singular, on the whole."

"Still, we may be said to really have known each other before."

"Oh, intimately. Haven't I read all your letters to Annie, and learned the very secrets of your soul?"

"You're very welcome. Still, I don't fancy a fellow is so very apt to pour out the secrets of his soul, on paper, to his younger sister at boarding-school. Poor little Annie!" he went on, in a graver voice; "she would have been quite grown up now, like you."

"Yes; she would have been nineteen."

"But she would not have been like you. She was light, and she would always have been small."

"How she did adore you!"

"It is always the most worthless scamps whose sisters adore them. Isn't that considered the rule?"

"Um—I don't know," reflectively.

"Did you ever know an exception?"

"If you are referring to the present instance, of course, as you say I do *not* know the secrets of your soul, I can't judge of your worth."

"It is a question that deserves study. I think you ought to take it up."

"I think we ought both to take up our line of march, if we don't want to keep the rest waiting."

"Time enough; we needn't start for a few minutes yet," said he, looking at his watch. "Do you know," returning to the pleasing subject, "I did see you once. I staid overnight with my mother at your house when I was in the region of eight or nine. I dimly remember you with a white frock and fluffy dark hair. I had forgotten all about it until I saw you again."

"How unkind of you! And how very rude to tell me so in such a point-blank manner! After that I certainly *shall* go."

He sprang up and held out both hands to assist her as she started to rise. "I will make up for it by never forgetting you again;" and he bent and kissed one of the little hands before he let it go.

She colored, and hurried so fast down the hill that he had some ado to keep up with her. When they reached their wagon some were already seated, and had so disposed themselves that Geoffrey was obliged to take the place behind Clare.

The young lady next him exerted herself to be very entertaining, and Geoffrey responded properly. But when they reached home he could not have recalled a word she had said, while he knew every twist and turn of Clare's soft hair, and all about the bewitching little curls just over her collar.

When he bade her good-night at the foot of the stairs, he asked, "Will you go to drive with me to-morrow afternoon? If you say no, I shall think you are afraid of my driving, after refusing to let me take you to the picnic. Please do; I will talk about the East as much as you like if you will."

"That is an inducement. And I would not like to wound anybody in his most sensitive point, and horsemanship is every man's, I suppose, whether he has ever held a rein or not. Good-night."

Once in her room, Clare sat down and rested her cheeks between her two hands, and smiled, and smiled, and smiled. Her life was a very pleasant one, she thought. She ought to be very thankful; everybody was so kind to her. She was glad she knew Geoffrey Howard at last; she was glad to have him for a friend; it was pleasant to have a man friend. She did not fall asleep very early, and when she did, a pair of honest, manly blue eyes followed her into her dreams.

As for Geoffrey, he frankly took himself into his own confidence, and made no bones about it. "But I don't believe she would have me," he said, in a most unusual fit of humility. "Still, I've the rest of the summer to try in. What an idiot I was not to come up here before!"

III.—HE CONQUERED.

The forenoon would have dragged to Geoffrey if the prospect of the afternoon had not enlivened it. Clare sat all the morning, with a group of other devotees, sacrificing to the genius who demands that every woman shall get through a certain stint of unnecessary crochet and embroidery every summer while her eyesight lasts. He went and ordered his horse and buggy, and came back and sat on the edge of the veranda, swinging his foot, idly chatting a little, and looking at her. Then, being a restless person, he got up, lighted a cigar, and perambulated about the grounds, coming back occasionally to look at her. At length, when the cigar was finished, it occurred to him that it would be pleasant in the house near the open window outside of which she was sitting. Why had he not thought of that before? He established himself sideways on a chair, leaning his folded arms on the back. He was just opposite to Clare, but partly sheltered from the other laborers.

"What is that you are making?" he asked.

"A tidy for your mother; and it is going to be entirely beautiful. Don't tell her, mind."

"Don't you like to walk?" said he, in a tone not intended to reach the others, though of course it did.

"Sometimes I do, when it isn't too warm."

"Well, it isn't too warm now. Put away that thing, and come and show me the way to the old mill."

"Oh, I couldn't possibly. I've got to finish this poppy before dinner."

"Fiddlesticks!"

"Don't swear; it's wicked."

"Were you asking the way to the mill, Mr. Howard? I'd just as soon show you as not. I feel just like a walk," said Miss Wickham, the unabashed. "Do you sketch? It's an awfully picturesque old place."

"The fiend!" thought Clare. She never *had* liked Miss Wickham.

"There, now! see what you've done," whispered Geoffrey, under his breath. "Oh, thanks; you're very good," was what he said aloud.

He walked off with the intrepid damsel, and he walked fast. He was thoroughly polite, because he was a gentleman, but they made no long tarry at the mill, for fear Miss Wickham should be late for dinner. Miss Wickham said she didn't care for that, once in a way; but of course Mr. Howard could not permit anything of the kind to occur on his account.

So the morning was got through with, and the dinner; and after that Clare disappeared upstairs, and left him with no resource but smoke and meditation for some hours to come, for they were not to take their drive until the heat of the day was over. There were those who would have helped him to while away the interval, but he would none of them. Taught by experience, he took himself out of sight and sound of the sirens.

But at last the sun was well over in the west. Clare presented herself on the porch in a becoming dress of écru woollen, and a black velvet turban. Then a double vehicle and pair drew up in front of the house.

"What's this?" exclaimed Geoffrey, going down to the gate. "I ordered a horse and buggy, not a carriage."

"Wa'al, this 'll carry ye jest as well, I guess."

"But I prefer the other."

"Wa'al, ye see, these was the only hosses I hed in this afternoon."

"Well, can't you harness them into a buggy?"

"No, *sir;* not unless one o' you stay to home. I don't let *no* man drive this pair o' colts but myself; you can bet your bottom dollar on that. I let out one team o' young hosses last year to a feller, and they hain't ben good for anything since.—Whoa, there!"

"Do you mean to say you expect to go and drive us? That isn't what I want; I want to drive myself."

"Wa'al, sir, sorry I can't accommodate you this afternoon. I'll let you off if you say so: I won't ask ye anything for hitchin' up."

Geoffrey glanced back at the piazza; Clare stood on the steps waiting; several of the crochet-hook propellers were on the veranda, at this moment resting their hands and using their eyes. Well, at least he could have Clare by his side. It was not quite the pleasure to which he had looked forward, but it was a long distance in advance of staying at home. So he helped Clare to mount, jumped in beside her, and off they went.

There could be none of that delightful talk that he had intended, touching on sentiment, and growing personal and perhaps confidential. The most commonplace utterances were an effort, with old Andrews there, close in front, taking in every word. They made a few artificial remarks about the weather, the scenery, and the houses. But after a little encouragement Mr. Andrews supplied conversation for the party. It began to be very enjoyable indeed to draw him out, and then exchange confidential glances of appreciation behind his unsuspecting back.

"About how fur was you calculatin' to go?" said Mr. Andrews at length.

"Oh, we don't care to get home until dark," replied Geoffrey.

"Couldn't we get up somewhere where we can see the sunset?" asked Clare.

"Wa'al, I 'most guess we can if you say so," said Mr. Andrews, who was by no means dead to Clare's pleasant manners. "They's a rud turns off f'm this, a piece further on, that goes up over Sand's Hill. I guess we can get a pooty good view f'm the top o' that."

And they did. Miles of rolling country lay before them, all sunk in purple shadow; the slanting sunbeams touched only the crests of the hills now. Heavy clouds with golden rims were gathered around the sun, and a few long bars of crimson crossed the pale yellow space in the midst of which he hung.

"Isn't it glorious?" murmured Clare.

Little by little the sun was lost behind the hills. The yellow faded to green, the gold grew red, and the red purple, and in a few minutes more it was all over.

It grew rapidly dark as they descended the hill; it had already been twilight for some time in the valley, and the thick overhanging clouds which closed in everywhere would shorten the final glimmer.

"I hope your horses aren't afraid of the cars, Mr. Andrews," said Geoffrey. "It's about time for the evening train."

"*These* hosses! Afraid! Why, sir, you couldn't scare these cattle with the Old Nick himself."

He had barely spoken when the blaze of a head-light flashed in their faces, the train came tearing out from a cavernous cutting in the opposite hill, and just as it passed them the engine gave a horrible shriek that would have tried the nerves of a woman, let alone a horse.

The colts reared, plunged, and ran.

Clare gave one little smothered "Oh!" and clutched Geoffrey's sleeve in terror. In an instant his arm was around her, holding her fast to his side. The carriage swayed and bounded, and each moment seemed barely to escape overturning. There was a time, long or short nobody knew, of intense, breathless fear. But underneath, in Clare's heart, stirred an emotion that was not terror. As for Geoffrey, his fear was all for her.

But it was a strong and skillful pair of arms that held the reins, and at last they brought the horses to a stand. Instantly Mr. Andrews was at the heads of the panting beasts, and Clare was on the ground, leaning on Geoffrey's arm, and trembling in every nerve. They were in a wooded part of the road, and the last vestige of dim twilight was growing every moment fainter.

"They'll be all right in a minute," said Mr. Andrews, encouragingly. "You can get in again now, miss; they ain't no 'casion to be frightened."

"Oh, I never can in the world," whispered Clare.

"You sha'n't," said Geoffrey.

"Why, they're perfect lambs. They was only a mite scared. I made a leetle mistake, but nothin' *short* o' the Old Nick would ha' done it."

He stroked their heads and patted their necks soothingly.

"This lady is rather afraid to try it again, Mr. Andrews," said Geoffrey.

"Why, now, they ain't a mite o' danger. If they was, I'd say so. What else can ye do, anyhow?"

Geoffrey turned to Clare, though by this time he could not see her face at all. "What do you say? Will you try it, or would you rather wait here a little while?"

"Not—not alone"—timidly.

"I should think not"—pressing her arm within his own.

"I would rather anything than have to ride all the way back with those horses—if we ever got back."

"Mr. Andrews, have you any idea how far the nearest village or settlement is?"

"Wa'al, about three mile."

"I'll tell you what you do: you drive on there, and send some kind of a thing to take us home. Mind that the horse is sure and steady. We don't want to risk any more broken necks to-night."

"All right, if you say so," said Mr. Andrews, resignedly, getting in and gathering up the reins. "But I can tell ye that this 'ere team is jest as safe as a bank vault."

In another minute they were alone in the darkness.

"We might walk on slowly, if you aren't too tired," said Geoffrey. "I'm afraid you'll get chilled standing. Here's your shawl; sha'n't I put it around you?"

"No; I'm warm enough, thank you. Do you think you can see?"

"I think I can manage to keep in the road." Then, after a few moments' pause, "Are you frightened?"

"No, not now: of course not."

They went on, slowly and carefully, feeling their way. Suddenly Clare pitched forward with a little cry. Geoffrey caught her in his arms.

"What is it? Did you stumble?"

"Why, I stepped into a great hole."

"We must be off the road. We'd better just wait, and not try to go on."

Then somehow, from somewhere, an impulsive kiss fell upon Clare's face. It was in every respect a reckless kiss. It lighted upon the side of her nose, and it had anything but a soothing effect upon the young lady. She shrank away from him as far as she dared, having in mind the proximity of the invisible ditch.

"Oh, I didn't think you would do a thing like that," she said, in a low, distressed voice—"just because I'm helpless."

"Oh, don't—don't say that! Forgive me, Clare. Heaven and earth! I'd rather anything than to hurt or offend you. I couldn't help it. I just did it because I love you so, Clare. I didn't mean it."

A short pause.

"Clare, won't you forgive that? Won't you say you're not offended? I'll do anything."

He waited a minute.

"Anyway, you'd better take my arm, for fear you should fall."

Timidly she put out her hand and found his arm.

"Don't you think you can forgive me?"

"Perhaps I can—if I try," in a voice that did not sound aggrieved now.

"Thank you"—effusively.

In a moment he went on: "Clare, I told you something just now. I couldn't take it back if I wanted to. Is there any hope for me, do you think?"

"I—don't—know."

"Don't you think you might come to love me, in time, a little as I love you?"

"Perhaps—after a—very—long time—indeed."

"In a month?"

"Oh! a month isn't long."

"Yes, it is; a great deal too long. Why put it off so long? Since you're going to love me in a month," continued this careful young calculator, "why not make a beginning next week, or—or to-morrow?"

No answer.

"Why not begin now, right away?" he asked, softly and tenderly.

Silence.

"Won't you, Clare?" gently putting his arm around her again.

Still silence. But he was not dismayed, for she had hidden her face on his shoulder, though, to be sure, it was effectually hidden before.

"Well, dear?"

"I can't," she murmured at last.

"Why not?"

"Because—I can't—go back—and begin—*again!*"

The kiss that came down through the dark was more successfully directed this time.

It was some time later that the approach of a rattling vehicle made itself heard, and soon a voice shouted, "Hullo!"

"Well?" called Geoffrey.

The equipage came a little nearer still, and the light of a lantern suddenly shed abroad revealed a species of rockaway of advanced years, and a horse, also well on in life, under the command of a grinning boy.

"Where be ye? Oh, there"—as Geoffrey and Clare came forward. "I suppose you're the folks Sam Andrews sent me after?"

"Yes; you're all right."

"I hope the horse is quite safe," said Clare, timidly, as Geoffrey helped her in.

"Him!" chuckled the boy. "Wa'al, he ain't so *mighty* skittish."

He slapped the reins down on the old beast's back, and they jogged slowly on their way. It was a good while before they reached home and supper, but they did not appear to mind that.

ALICE WHITELAW HILL.

SKETCHES IN MOBILE BAY.

MOBILE BAY is a lovely sheet of water, and remarkable for the high, wooded bluffs in the vicinity of Fort Morgan, which present a refreshing contrast to the low, sandy shores which characterize the great part of the Southern coast. Underneath these bluffs has arisen a picturesque and very popular watering-place, much resorted to by Northern as well as Southern people as a pleasant winter sanitarium. The bay has a length of about thirty miles, and an average width of ten. The entrance from the Gulf of Mexico is about three miles wide, and is guarded on the east by Fort Morgan, on Mobile Point, and by Fort Gaines, on Dauphin Island, on the west. Just outside the entrance is Sand Island Light—a conspicuous object from the bay. Battery Gladden, of which only the ruins remain, was built near the city. The row of piles visible in Mr. DAVIDSON's sketch is all that is left to mark its site.

THE SECOND NATIONAL HORSE SHOW.

THE uses to which the Madison Square Garden is put are various, but it is mostly employed for the exhibition of animals. BARNUM's show of beasts is there regularly every year. So is the dog show of the Westminster Kennel Club. At various other times those illustrious human brutes the prize-fighters and six-day walkers are on exhibition. And now, in addition to these, the National Horse Show Association of America proposes to occupy the Garden annually.

Horse shows are no novelty in England, but in this country they were not instituted on any extensive scale until last fall, when this Association held its first public exhibition at the Madison Square Garden. For several years the interest in trotting, horseback riding on the road and across country after the hounds, and the breeding of horses, have been on the increase here. Therefore the promoters of the Association had every reason to be sanguine that they would ultimately place the proposed horse shows on what a professional punster might be tempted to term a stable basis. Few probably were sanguine enough to expect immediate success. Yet the first show last fall was so admirably managed, the prizes so liberal, the awards so just, and the public interest so quickly awakened, that the directors at once decided to have another exhibition this spring. There are various considerations of weight in favor of spring horse shows, chief among them the chance of obtaining more horses. In the fall the owners of fine race-horses, both trotters and runners, have already made arrangements for stabling the animals during the winter, and are loath to send them from their quarters in the country to New York to place them on exhibition for a few days. There is also another consideration in favor of the spring. At that time of the year the horses' coats are in better condition, and show to much greater advantage than in the fall. In changing the time of the year for holding the show from the autumn to the spring, say the managers, they well weighed and considered the matter, and after due consultation with those likely to make entries, determined that the month of May would be more suitable for exhibiting animals. The result of this change will probably justify it, and we may look for a Horse Show every spring.

Last fall the value of the regular prizes offered by the Association was $10,470. For this show the amount has been increased to $17,450. The managers probably do not exaggerate when they say that this is the "handsomest" amount ever offered by any similar association. Besides these there are a number of special prizes offered by well-known horsemen like Mr. MORTIMER, Mr. HYDE, and Mr. HECKSCHER. Among the prizes are, as last fall, those for fire-engine horses, best and best trained; for the best and best trained police horses, to be ridden by officers, appointments and uniforms also to be considered; and new prizes for cavalry horses, viz., for the best mounted and equipped officer, the best mounted and equipped private, open to the Regular Army and National Guard, and for the best mounted and equipped staff officer of the First Division of the National Guard State of New York. The prizes carry with them something of greater worth than their money value, namely, the ribbons and certificates of award granted by the Association. They "are evidences of merit won in open competition," and will no doubt often win over a doubtful buyer, and clinch a sale.

The interior arrangements of the Madison Square Garden for the purposes of the show are perfect. It is in part a stable, in part a steeple-chase course, and in part a race track. The hunters have a fine expanse of loam and tan, as springy and buoyant as the meadows to which they are accustomed. There are stalls and loose boxes for the animals, for which the charge is moderate, and the horses may be taken away overnight on a deposit of twenty-five dollars by the owner, which will be forfeited if the animals are not brought back for exhibition the next morning. The managers also furnish veterinary surgeons, who examine the horses free of charge. This precaution is necessary, because an infection once started would spread rapidly where so many horses are under one roof, and infection among this array of noble horses would be a serious disaster to breeding interests the country over.

Much interest is naturally taken in the exhibition of hunters. There are ninety-four of them, including Mr. GEBHARD's Leo, and to watch them take the hurdles is highly exciting. Every horse is ridden to the fences in his turn according to the number in the catalogue. In case a horse refuses his fences, he is allowed two further trials and no more. If then unsuccessful, he ceases to compete. In case a horse goes through or breaks down a fence, the fence is made up again and the judges may allow one more trial. If the horse then fails to jump it, he ceases to compete. These strict rules are necessary to preserve order and economize time, and as all are alike subjected to them, none have a right to complain. You can tell the successful competitor by noting the color of the rosette with which a horse is decorated. If it be blue, it is the emblem of a first prize; if red, of a second prize; if yellow, of a very high commendation; and if white, of a high commendation.

Among the trotters, visitors should not fail to notice that fine old stallion Volunteer, thirty years of age, and yet as sound as a nut. Many of his swift young descendants around him are in no better condition than this sturdy veteran. Of the saddle-horses, Dr. THOMAS's Estes, the Kentuckian, is most conspicuous, and many of the four-in-hands will be recognized.

THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT AND THE PROPAGANDA.

THE Italian government will probably be amused to find itself held up to the world as a foe to civil and religious liberty, and that, too, by meetings of free citizens in New York and Boston. It has taken into its hands, it seems, the property of the "Propaganda," a Roman Catholic association of great wealth and influence that is completely under the control of the Pope. It has long been one of the chief sources of his world-wide power; all its money and all its influence have been used to establish his temporal and spiritual despotism. Its missionaries are spread over the world, and have always been the chief agents by which the Supreme Pontiff has carried out his political and spiritual designs. The society in Rome selects the bishops of America, Africa, or Asia. It has stimulated revolutions in Ecuador and Guatemala; it is active in the politics of New Mexico; it is supreme in the Roman Catholic clubs of New York.

This powerful association has always been an active foe of free and united Italy. It is the bitterest of all the assailants of free education. It would, if it dared, close every common school in Rome and the provinces. Its missionary priests and bishops in Europe and America are the centres of that revolutionary spirit by which the papal faction hopes to overturn all free governments, and crush the impulses of modern progress. Father Curci, in his recent "Il Vaticano Regio, 1883," shows how the Vatican rules its great army of priests by a system of terror; how it tempts, threatens, destroys. The immoral, the corrupt priest is raised to the highest station if he only obeys; the honest, if he ventures to speak of freedom, is cast out and insulted. Of this system the Propaganda is the ruling force. It was through its influence that the Council of 1870 was driven to pass the decree of infallibility, and proclaim the Pope an earthly deity. That decision, we are told by Geffcken (*Church and State*, ii., 317) was passed by a majority "including numerous missionary bishops educated by the Propaganda." On the political future of the world that decision is destined to have a lasting effect. It made the Roman Catholic Church a vast political instrument, ruled by a fanatical cabal at the Vatican.

The Italian government for twenty years has been slowly yet firmly moving onward in the path of civil and religious freedom. It broke down the tyranny of the Pope at Rome, and threw wide the gates of the Eternal City to the advance of modern civilization. It made Italy, once the seat of countless petty despotisms, as free as England or the United States. It has covered it with a system of common schools, and educated the most ignorant of nations. It broke up countless monasteries, nunneries, and other clerical establishments that had long preyed upon the land and earnings of the people, pensioned their inmates, and returned the land to the use of the community. In the Propaganda it has long discovered its bitterest foe. The papal government has never admitted the authority of the Italian government; it still breathes out threats of vengeance. Rome, it asserts, must once more submit to the tyranny of the priests, its free schools and its Protestant churches be closed, its walls manned by Papal Zouaves, and the kingdom of Italy itself be dashed to pieces by domestic revolution or foreign arms.

It is with such an institution that the recent meetings at Boston and New York have expressed their sympathy. One ardent speaker, an American ex-office-holder—Mr. James—holds up the Italian government to the "execration of mankind"; another, Mayor Edson, declares the Propaganda "a blessing to the people." Politicians of all parties unite in defending the politics of the Vatican, and extolling the mission of the Propaganda. Possibly if they were in the place of the Italian government they would think differently. If in any American community an institution arose openly hostile to the government, defying its authority, plotting its destruction, it is not likely that it would long be suffered to exist; it was, indeed, the first aim of the founders of our republic to check and repress the growth of those religious institutions which the Italian rulers now find themselves forced to bridle or to destroy. It is an impulse of self-preservation that leads them to impose a check upon the political activity of the Propaganda; and in all their efforts to defend their new institutions from the chief enemy of all free governments and all modern progress we may be sure the Italians will have the lasting sympathy of a majority of the American people.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

SPANISH INNS.

I MUST enter a protest against the general wholesale condemnation of Spanish inns. We have now been in a good many smaller Spanish towns, and have never fared badly with respect to either beds or food. Of course if one expects English comforts, or English meals at English hours, a woful disappointment must ensue; but being prepared to do in Spain as the Spaniards do, no one need be badly off, unless it be in some much more out-of-the-way place than we have visited.

The usual Spanish meal hours are about mid-day, and seven in the evening, and one can always have good coffee or chocolate in the morning. Tea is out of the question; any we have tasted more nearly resembled an infusion of musty straw than anything we could think of. In Spanish inns an omelet is invariably the first course. To see some of us persistently refusing this dish was a never-failing subject of amazement to the waiters. The indispensable "olla" is very acceptable to any one with a good healthy appetite, although perhaps an invalid or an epicure might look askance at the great steaming plate of beef, pork, sausage, cabbage, beans, and rice. Boiled fowl and rice form a common dish, rice supplying the place of potatoes, which we did not see anywhere in the north of Spain.

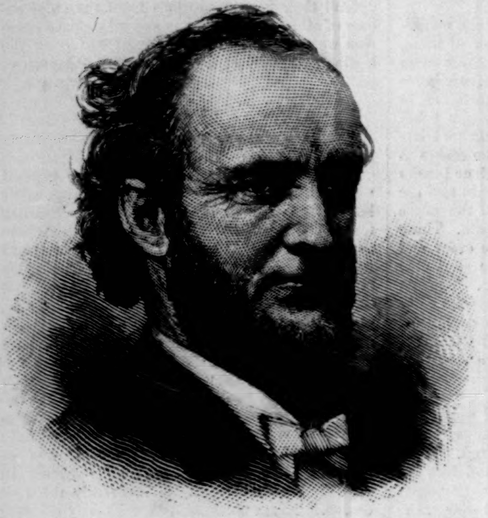
Just as we were finishing supper on the night of our arrival in Palencia, we heard music in an adjoining apartment, and, opening the dining-room door, we were met by the hostess, who invited us into the kitchen. There we found two men seated, and playing—one on a guitar, the other on a mandolia—to an appreciative audience consisting of the whole staff of the inn. Chairs having been brought us, we sat down and listened for about an hour to most enjoyable music. The musicians played with great spirit and the utmost precision, and sang, sometimes a solo, sometimes a duet, in the intervals of smoking. To all, including the players, cigarettes, cake, and wine were hospitably dispensed by the master of the house. At our request some national dance music was played, and soon all the maids were in the court dancing. None of them were in the least good-looking, but they danced very lightly and gracefully, the pace getting quicker and quicker toward the end of the dance. Through all the music, however quick in movement, there ran a strain of melancholy which seems inherent in the Spanish character.

THE NEW BISHOPS.

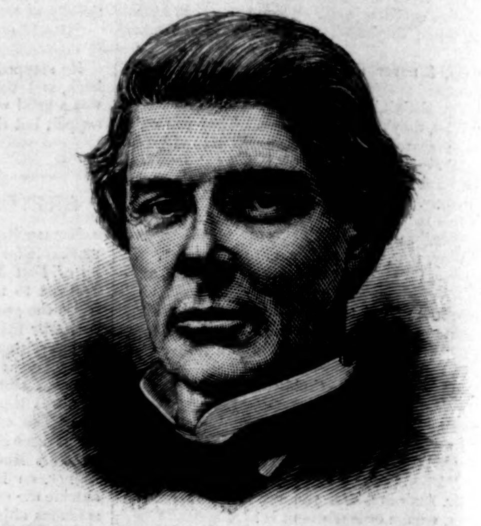
IN connection with the portraits of the new Bishops recently elected at the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, meeting in Philadelphia, we give the following brief biographical sketches:

The Rev. WILLIAM X. NINDE, D.D., was born in Cortlandville, New York, and is now fifty-one years old. His father, Rev. WILLIAM WARD NINDE, was a member for some years of the Black River Conference, and died in 1845. His paternal grandfather was a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church. His early life was spent in Northern and Central New York. He prepared for college at Rome Academy, and graduated from Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, in 1855. He joined the Black River Conference in 1856. In the spring of 1861 he was transferred to the Cincinnati Conference, and stationed at Trinity Church, Cincinnati. He afterward served as pastor at Morris Chapel, Union Chapel, and Christie Chapel successively. In the fall of 1870 he was transferred to the Detroit Conference, and was appointed to Central Church. At the expiration of his pastoral term he was invited to the chair of Pastoral Theology in the Garrett Biblical Institute. After remaining in Evanston three years, the funds of the institute being so reduced by the business depression, he returned for a second term to the Central Church, Detroit. In 1879 he was elected the first President of the Garrett Biblical Institute. He received the degree of D.D. from his *alma mater* in 1874.

The Rev. JOHN M. WALDEN, D.D., LL.D., is of English and Welsh origin. The family emigrated from Culpepper County, Virginia, to Kentucky, and afterward removed to Ohio. He was the son of JESSE WALDEN, a farmer of Hamilton County. Bishop WALDEN was born on February 11, 1831. His youth was spent in poverty, and at the age of ten he was left an orphan. He exhibited an ardent thirst for knowledge, and yet was compelled to forego the privileges of good schools for the more serious question of the struggle for existence. He went to Indiana in 1847, and in 1850 united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1854 he began to preach in the local ministry, and about the same time removed to Cincinnati, where he became connected with the editorial management of the *Commercial* of that city. He was attracted to Kansas to take part in the antislavery struggle of that new State. He established a newspaper in Quindaro, became connected with the Topeka Legislature, and issued an address which aroused the enthusiasm of the people in favor of freedom, and aided largely toward the triumph of the antislavery cause. He became Superintendent of Public Instruction for Kansas, and helped in large measure to develop the public-school system of the State. Removing to Cincinnati, in 1858 he entered the regular ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and preached from 1860 to 1866 in Cincinnati. In the latter year he became assistant secretary of



THE REV. C. H. FOWLER, D.D., LL.D.—Photo. by Landy.



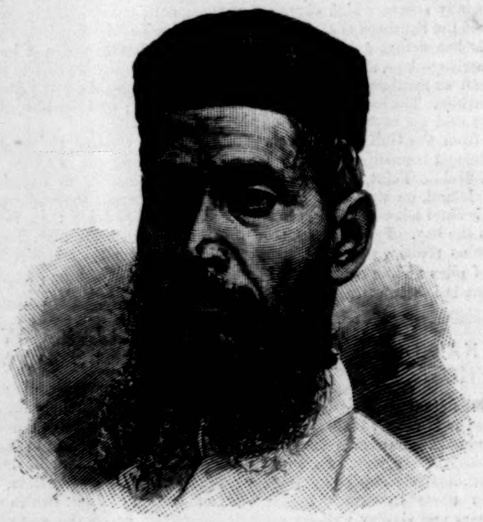
THE REV. J. M. WALDEN, D.D., LL.D.—Photo. by Landy.

the Freedman's Aid Society, and in 1867 was elected by the General Conference a Book Agent of the Western Methodist Book Concern. This position he has held until elected to the episcopate.

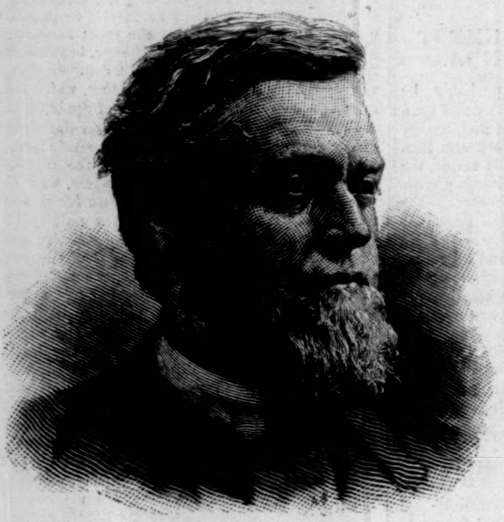
The Rev. Willard F. Mallalieu, D.D., is of Huguenot extraction, and was born in Sutton, Massachusetts, December 28, 1828. After preparing for college at East Greenwich and the Wilbraham Academy, he entered the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, and graduated with honors in 1858. He entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, uniting with the New England Conference, in 1858. His life has been spent almost entirely in the pastorate, and in this respect he differs widely from his associates elected at the same time to the episcopate. He was pastor in his native place, Sutton, was twice pastor of Bromfield Street Church, Boston, and has had pastoral charge of Walnut Street Church, Chelsea, Lynn Common Church, Broadway, South Boston, and Trinity, in Worcester. In 1875 he travelled in Europe, and made a careful study of Continental ecclesiastical life, and especially of the state of religion in the Roman Catholic countries. He has exhibited remarkable executive ability in his most recent position, the office of Presiding Elder of the Boston district, which he now leaves for the episcopal service.

The Rev. Charles Henry Fowler, D.D., LL.D., was born August 11, 1832, in Burford, Ontario, Canada. He was the son of Horatio Fowler, whose ancestors settled in the Connecticut Valley in the early colonial period, and whose line runs back to an old Scotch chief of the eleventh century.

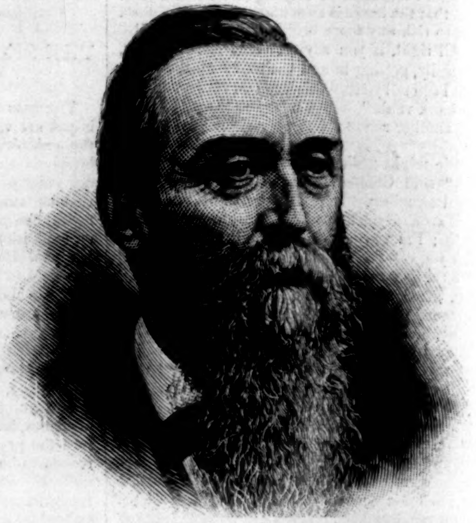
His parents removed to New York in 1839, and to the frontier of Illinois in 1840, following closely upon the retreating Indians. He



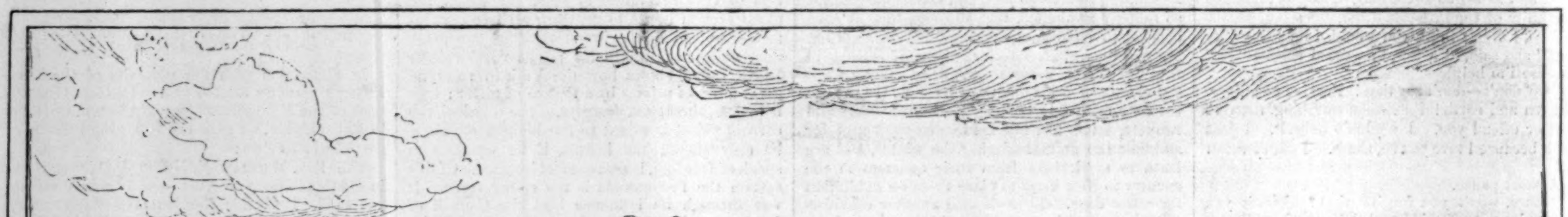
RAM CHANDRA BOSE, OF INDIA.—Photo. by Landy.



THE REV. W. X. NINDE, D.D.—Photo. by Gutekunst.

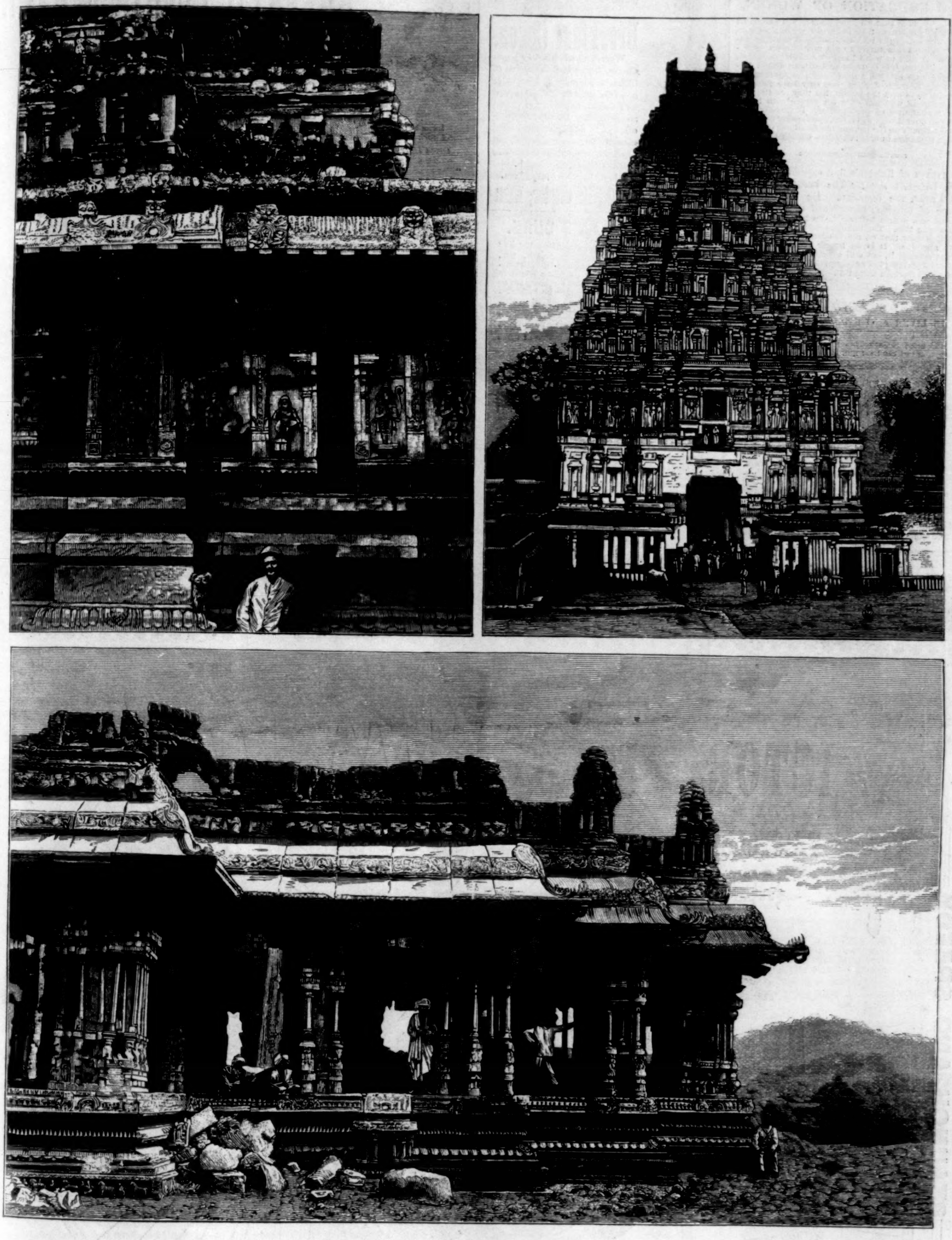


THE REV. W. F. MALLALIEU, D.D.—Photo. by Gutekunst.



1. Interior of Fort Morgan. 2. Pensacola Packet and Sand Island Light. 3. Battery Gladden, Mobile Harbor.

SKETCHES IN MOBILE BAY.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 351.]



THE RUINS OF THE TEMPLES OF HUMPI, INDIA.

went to the public school until about fifteen. He was a student at Rock River Seminary, Mount Morris, Illinois, and entered Knox College, at Galesburg, Illinois, in 1854. He afterward entered Genesee College (now Syracuse University) in 1855. He graduated with the highest honors in 1859. He began the study of the law in Chicago the same year. He entered the Garrett Biblical Institute as a theological student in March, 1860. After graduating he joined the Rock River Conference, and was stationed at Jefferson Street Methodist Episcopal Church (now Centenary). He next served as pastor of Clark Street Church, Jefferson Street, Wabash Avenue, and again of Centenary.

In 1866 he was elected President of the Northwestern University, at Evanston. Preferring the work of the pastorate, he declined this honor. In 1872 he was again elected President, entered immediately upon his duties, and enjoyed a prosperous administration. Four years later he was elected by the General Conference to the editorship of the New York *Christian Advocate*. In 1880 he was elected Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the Garrett Biblical Institute in 1868, Doctor of Laws from the Wesleyan University, Middletown, in 1873, and from the Syracuse University in 1877. He has written a volume entitled *Colenso's Fallacies*, and has contributed largely to the periodical literature of his Church.

On the same page with the Bishops we present a portrait of RAM CHANDRA BOSE, a representative of the native Church in India, whose emphatic and eloquent protest against the establishment of an Episcopal residence in his country made so profound an impression on the Conference.

The Rev. WILLIAM TAYLOR, D.D., of India, better known as "Father TAYLOR," was elected Missionary Bishop for Africa. He is a Virginian by birth, was born in 1821, and united with the Baltimore Conference in 1843.

BURMESE TEMPLES.

THE ruins of Humpi are those of one of the most ancient temples in India. Natives from all parts of India flock to these ruins once a year to perform their ceremonies, and there are constant parties of officers and government officials who go out to inspect them. Europeans have been known to come from 300 to 400 miles to see these far-famed ruins. Humpi is about thirty-five miles from the large military station Bellary. Hitherto it has only been accessible by bullock coach from Bellary, but the new "Bellary Hooble" railway will facilitate this journey for the future.

The walls of the temple consist of bass-reliefs from the Ràmayana of Hindoo mythology, and are receiving especial attention from the government in the way of repairs, etc.

Humpi covers a large area, some of the ruined temples being one or two miles from each other, so that it takes several days to go over and inspect the ruins carefully.

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

It is high time that all good housewives should be more highly educated than in former years, if only to be able to detect the manifold schemes made by unscrupulous manufacturers to aid competition by deception. A case in point has very recently occurred. Various dealers, totally unconnected with Baron Liebig, have been using his name and photograph, and the Liebig Extract of Meat Company have found it necessary to inform the public that they are the only manufacturers who can offer the article with Baron Liebig's guarantee of genuineness. It therefore behooves all housekeepers to insist upon seeing the name of the Company on the jar, and the *fac-simile* of Baron Liebig's signature in blue ink across the label.—[*Adv.*]

Speaking of Raleigh's first expedition to Carolina, Bancroft says: "The keenest observer was Hariot, the historian. He observed the culture of tobacco; accustomed himself to its use, and was a firm believer in its healing virtues." This was in 1585. The famous tobacco of the Indian council is now that of the Golden Tobacco Belt of North Carolina. It is no longer crude leaf as the Indians smoked it, but still a natural and pure leaf, prepared for the pipe or cigarette in the shape of Blackwell's Durham Long Cut.—[*Adv.*]

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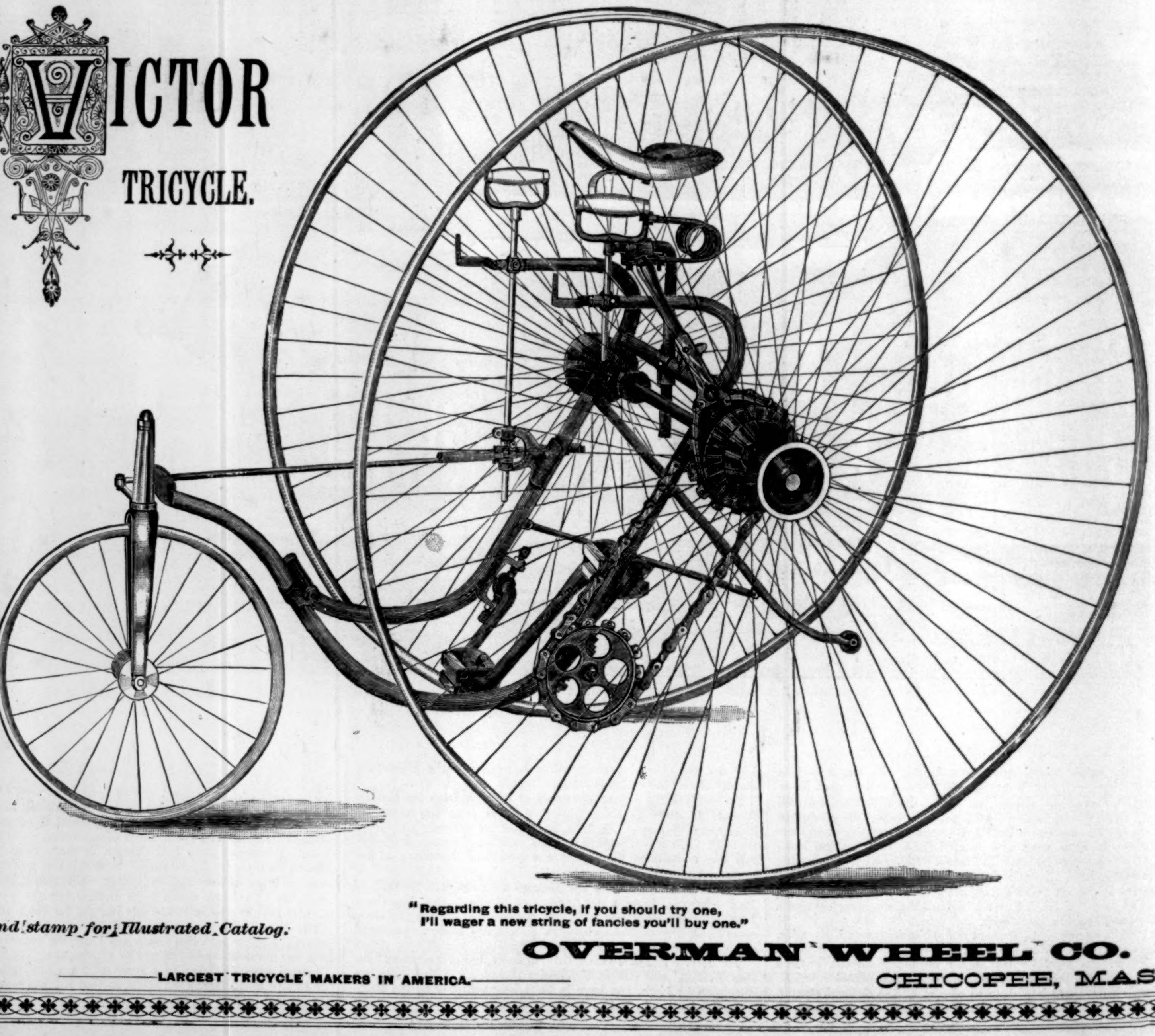

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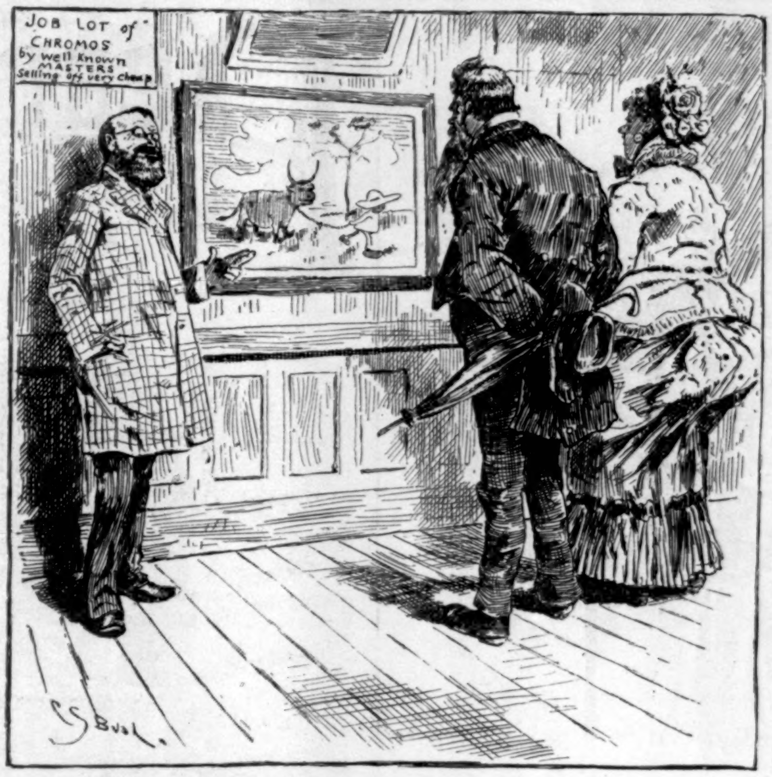
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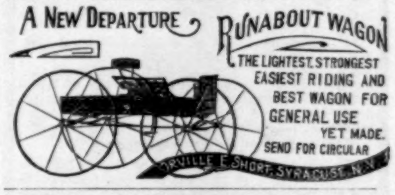
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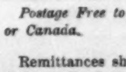

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